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Photo *Lallie Charles.*

My governess frames exacting laws,
And is her own police ;
She's locked me in the school-room, 'cause
I cannot say my piece.
But I don't care for old Miss Jones,
I'm slacking, as you see,
And though she speaks in furious tones
She will not frighten me !

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"RIBBONS AND LACES."

From the Painting by E. Blair Leighton.

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FROM · THE · STALLS

Photo *S. Elwin Neame.*

MURIEL LENNOX.

A Charming Gaiety Actress.

She is just eighteen, has very dark hair, and big black eyes. Her rich Southern beauty is due to the fact that her family has a large infusion of Spanish blood. Miss Lennox is not only pretty, but, by all accounts, she is a very sweet girl—a living contradiction to the sour aphorism "beauty is but skin deep."

Anyhow, she is an immense favourite with the other girls at the Gaiety Theatre, and everybody was genuinely grieved when an attack of that dangerous complaint, appendicitis, laid her low. By the time these lines appear, let us hope the natural anxiety of her many friends will have been relieved.

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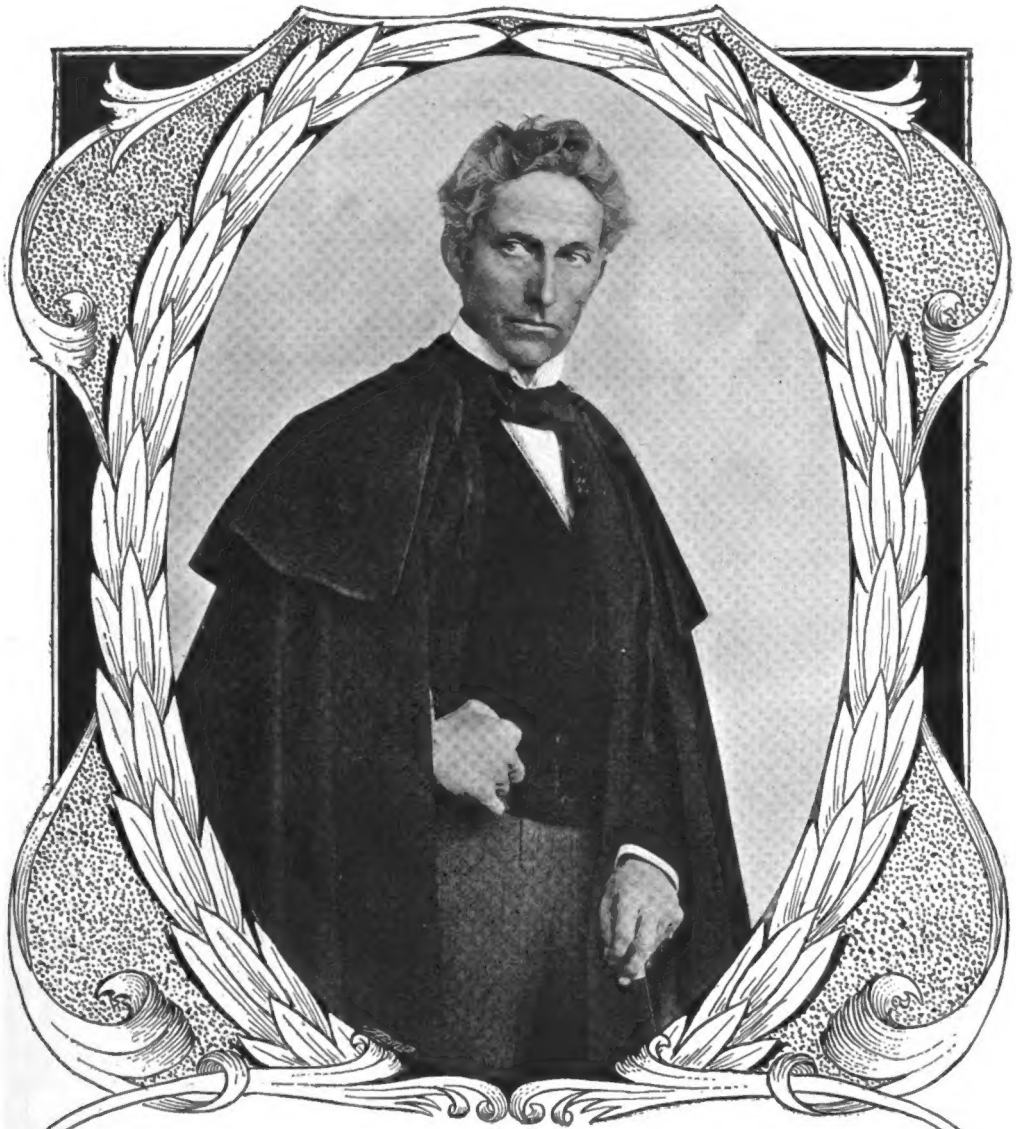

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield.*

FORBES-ROBERTSON.

The Actor with the most Beautiful Voice.

There is a subtle and compelling influence in Mr. Forbes-Robertson which is almost hypnotic. His great success came when, acting on Sir Henry Irving's advice, he took up Shakespearean parts. A peculiar and disconcerting thing once happened to him in a balcony scene. After delivering his impassioned speech he was to reach the stage ten feet below by means of a flight of steps. Judge of his horror on finding these steps had been removed. There was nothing for it but to jump, and jump Mr. Robertson very promptly did. The place where the steps should have been was not in view of the audience; nevertheless, they must have thought the disappearance of the actor—well, rather sudden.

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Photo E. Hana Nesma.

MAUDE ODELL.

"Galatea."

Although Miss Maude Odell has been exercising carefully since the halcyon age of fourteen, the public did not know and appreciate her till she appeared, after a bright, brief experience of musical comedy, as "Galatea" at the Palace Theatre. Here she earned her first salary, £100 a week, which was quite good for a start.

In 1906 Miss Odell was presented by Mr. Sandow with a gold medal for the most perfect figure ever developed under his system. Owing to the perfection of her figure, Miss Odell wears no corsets. A girl friend once made a bet with her that, in spite of all her training, she could never obtain a situation as mannequin in a West End shop without assuming the customary feminine armour. Accordingly, Miss Odell obtained such a situation, without mentioning who she was, and kept it for a week, netting £1 salary and the bet. She then revealed her identity and resigned.

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Photo *Dover Street Studios.*

SIGNORITA TORLOTA VALENCIA.

A Delightful Spanish Dancer.

Signorita Torlota Valencia enjoys a big reputation, one that all women must envy.

It is claimed for her that she is one of the most beautiful women in all Spain. No one who has seen this delightful dancer would be disposed to scepticism, though the competition among beauties in a land like Spain must be keen.

The Signorita appeared in "Havana" at the Gaiety Theatre, but, alas, she is not in England just now. Spanish beauties do not care for London in the winter.

However, we hope to see her back again soon, and she has left something behind her, and that is a very wonderful portrait by Mr. Copeman, a well-known artist. It is to be hoped that is not going over to Spain—at any rate, before the original returns.

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Photos *Campbell-Gray.*

CAPT. TAYLOR'S MONKEY TROUPE.

This is Capt. Taylor's celebrated company of actors and actresses which has been performing at Hengler's recently. Their principal act is a tea-party. The lady on the left holding the feather broom is maid of all work, and makes a most attentive waitress to the master and mistress and their two guests.

This company comes from the hills of the Transvaal, where they used to make themselves a nuisance to the farmers by invading their growing crops. They are very artful, these baboons, and in their native wilds practise an elaborate system of signals, warning each other of the approach of danger, so that altogether the farmers get rather a bad time.

Enough said! They are members of an honourable profession now!

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Photo *S. Elwin Neame.*

PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

"Sweet Seventeen."

Miss Phyllis Monkman, who has been creating a sensation with a classic dance at the Apollo Theatre, is just seventeen, but already she has had a pretty full stage career.

At twelve she was one of the four little girls in "Lady Madcap," she has played in pantomime, and was first twin in "Peter Pan."

She and her sister Dorothy had an exciting adventure while playing in "The Belle of Mayfair." Their motor broke down five miles from Hounslow, but a passing cart—a very dilapidated one—took them to the station. Finding they could not reach the theatre in time to do all their make-up, they astonished the people in the carriage by taking their hair down, and arranging it into the long plaits with which they had to appear with Miss Zena Dare in the first act.

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Photo *Bassano.*

MAGGIE JARVIS.

A Future Prima Donna.

She looks in reality much younger, demurer, and prettier than her picture, this charming little lady of seventeen. It was seven years ago that her governess discovered the rare and sweet quality of her voice and natural talent for acting, and suggested the stage as her vocation. She was eleven when she first trod the boards in the juvenile performance of "Bluebell." Since then she has played in "Miss Hook of Holland," and she is now at the Savoy, busily studying Gilbert-and-Sullivan opera. You see in her a future Isabel Jay or—who knows?—a Tetrazzini or a Melba.

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Photo *Dover Street Studios.*

MARIE LÖHR.

The Youngest Actress who has ever Played Margaret in "Faust."

Miss Marie Löhr is a young Australian, and for her years, which are just eighteen, has done marvellous things. But then she has brains as well as beauty, an irresistible combination. In another respect, too, she has been lucky. Her friend and guide in stage art was Mrs. Kendal.

"She is the finest teacher in the world," says Miss Löhr gratefully. "You can't think how kind she has been to me. And look at this charm she gave me. I always intend to wear it. It has brought me luck, as she said it would."

M'yes, but we rather think Miss Löhr was born with the charms that ensure her success.

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THE BOGEY WOMAN.

How a Mother-in-law Proved an Angel Unawares.

By Orme Agnus.

Herbert Pridsome left the gate of the Works at 5.32, mounted his bicycle, and reached his own gate at 5.48. He dismounted and stood for a moment to run his eye over the front garden. Two narcissi had burst open during the day, making a total of twenty-five blooms, and nobody could have done more with a penny packet of wallflower seed than he had. He glanced at the other three gardens that adorned the frontage of Victoria Villas, and decided that his own was superior in every way. But he sighed nevertheless as he pushed open the gate and wheeled his bicycle to its shed at the back.

Mrs. Pridsome, who was twenty-three, was threatened with a permanent frown between her sparkling eyes, and it was that frown that caused Herbert to sigh. He had fallen in love with and married Lawton's milliner because she had a pretty face, a good figure, and a vivacious manner, and because he believed she was as fond of him as he was of her. Latterly he had begun to doubt it. In the happy days of courtship she was inclined to be capriciously masterful, but then it had seemed engaging; since his marriage he had found it unpleasant.

Only three nights ago, at the dance at Lawton's, he had detected smiles on the faces of some of those present as she sharply issued her commands to him, and he had blushed when they were out to tea on the Sunday week. He could not feel as proud of her face and figure as he should have done when it struck him that there were possibilities of her having become that dreadful and dreaded thing—a nagger. He shrank morbidly from scenes, and she seemed to know it intuitively.

Once or twice he had put his foot down, but as there were passionate tears and a suggestion of hysterics he had taken it up again hastily. He had gone, against her wishes, to the Volunteer dinner, where ladies were not invited. There was a little scene before he went that almost caused him to take off his hat and overcoat, and quite a tempest when he returned after an evening of no enjoyment. She refused to speak to him, and then burst into tears and refused to be comforted till he declared himself a brute. Sometimes, to be quite fair, she was all smiles and graciousness, and he was ridiculously happy, but he always entered his own door not knowing whether he would meet with sunshine, rain, or thunder.

To his relief, he found it was peace as he sat down to his tea that evening, but it was only a respite before bad news.

"I had a letter from mother by the afternoon post, Bert," she said, nodding her head to emphasise her words. "She is

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coming on Thursday to spend a fortnight with us."

Bert said: "Is she?" with an attempt at light-hearted interest, but his temperature dropped suddenly. He had only seen his mother-in-law once during his courtship and on his wedding-day, for she lived in the Midlands, and, according to Flora, she was the severest, most morally-upright woman to be found in the British Isles. By a touch here and a little modelling there Flora had created a monster for him. He was told repeatedly that he would not dare to do this or that if her mother were near; if her father had attempted to do what he had done—"My word!" said Flora, which was her most expressive ejaculation.

Twice she had tearfully assured him that when he returned in the evening he would find her gone to her mother's breast, and on one of these occasions he was fifteen minutes late at the office, having spent nearly half-an-hour in coaxing her not to leave the nest. The day after the Volunteer dinner was one of the several occasions on which she told him she had written home to tell her mother all about it. "I can just imagine what mamma will say," she added. "If dada had done such a thing—but there! he would never have dreamt of it."

Herbert now and again tried to defend himself. He could not see where he failed in being a fond, loving, and complaisant husband. He was very fond of Flora, he was very fond of his home, he was proud of his wife's appearance, and he could not see why he should be spoken of as one of the indifferent husbands.

He had not been enthusiastic regarding his mother-in-law on the two occasions he saw her, though he did not dislike her. But latterly he had begun to hate her; she was the bogey woman that was continually brought out to frighten him. No wonder his heart sank, no wonder he could impart no warmth to his tone as he asked "Is she?"

"Is she! Is she!" mimicked his wife. "Yes, she is, my dear, and you'll find you won't be able to go on the way you have been doing when she is here. You won't have me to deal with next week; it will be mother, and I hope for your own sake you won't let her see your ways."

Herbert put down his cup and looked Flora in the face. It was a pretty face, but it would have been still prettier if it had worn a gentle or affectionate expression. "Look here, my dear; what ways shall I have to alter when your mother is here?"

"A good many, my dear. You'll have to make a thorough change," and Flora's laugh was very irritating.

"How?"

It was not an easy question.

"You—you'll see," she said.

"Tell me how. I'll begin to change now if it will make things pleasanter at home."

"Whose fault is it things are not pleasanter?" she asked, and Herbert heard the sound of tears in the atmosphere.

"Well, tell me what I am to do," he said. "Tell me how I am to alter."

"You wouldn't dare when mother is here to go to Volunteer dinners and leave me at home by myself."

"It's a month ago since I went to the dinner, and I shan't be going again for another eleven months. And you know I wanted you to go to the entertainment at St. Luke's that night."

"Yes, by myself, for everybody to make fun of. 'Poor thing, and only married a few weeks,' they would say."

Herbert said no more, but unfolded the evening paper he had brought with him. That did not please his wife; he could not even talk to her when he came home, she said, with bitterness that was real or assumed. Herbert, with a gloomy face, made great haste over his tea, and went into his little garden. There were slugs in the garden, and wire-worm, and one of the neighbours kept fowls that had vagrant fancies; but for all that the garden meant peace.

Mrs. Elders arrived at the station at 3.30 on the Thursday afternoon, and her daughter was there to meet her. Flora gave her an exuberant welcome, partly from gladness, partly because the older woman was to be a scourge and a penance for a man who was not as meek as he ought to be.

Mrs. Elders was a short and rather stout woman, with grey hair that seemed very becoming to her placid face. Her forehead, in spite of a few wrinkles, had not that appearance of austere severity one would have expected. Her lips were rather thin, but they were not rigid, and her manner was very quiet. She was very pleased to see her daughter, but there was a marked difference between her placidity and her daughter's demonstrativeness.

It was but a short walk from the station, and Flora had left the kettle singing on the hob and the tea-things on the table. "I know you will be ready for a cup of tea, mother," she said.

"Quite, my dear. Nearly three hours in

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the train will tire me more than a day's work. I can't read in the train ever; it always gives me a headache. You live in a very pleasant part, Flora, and the house looks well from the outside, I must say. Who looks after the garden?"

"Oh, Bert."

"He takes a pride in it, I can see. I like to see a man taking a pride in his home."

"Oh, it's a hobby of his, mother. But do come in and sit down. The kettle's boiling, and tea will be ready in two minutes."

Mrs. Elders was tired, and had tea before she went upstairs. "You have a nice house, my dear," she said, "and a very nice view from this room."

"Yes, isn't it?" said Flora, who was in high spirits now she had a strong ally in the house. She was looking forward to a happy, dictatorial fortnight.

"What time does Bert come home to tea?" asked Mrs. Elders.

"Just before six—that is, if he doesn't stop on the way, mother."

"Does he often stop on the way, my dear?"

"Sometimes," said Flora. "I suppose keeping a woman waiting for her tea doesn't matter."

"I asked you on the way how he was, my dear," said Mrs. Elders, "but you didn't say."

"Oh, he's all right, except for a bit of a cold."

Mrs. Elders sipped twice at her tea before she spoke again. "I hope," she said, "he makes a good husband."

"Oh, he's all right so far, but he's like all the men, he wants his own way, and he isn't going to have it. I'm not one to be domineered over," with a laugh.

"No," said Mrs. Elders.

"I got plenty of domineering when I was in Lawton's; I am not going to have it now I'm married. I want you to give him a good talking to, mother; he's afraid of you."

"But he hardly knows me, my dear," said Mrs. Elders, not looking at her daughter.

"No, but he's afraid of you; I've made him"—with another laugh—"believe I've written to you several times to tell you things, and he's really afraid of you. He went to a Volunteer dinner a week or two ago—only men, you know—and I made a fine fuss about it and made him believe I'd written to you."

"Why didn't you want him to go, my dear?"

"I didn't see being left alone all the evening while he was enjoying himself. I should not have minded, only Mrs. Dryson had got friends staying with her, and I couldn't spend the evening there. He didn't enjoy it much, I can tell you."

* * * * *

Mr. Pridsome had been miserable all day, anticipating all the misery of the next fortnight. He felt almost like running away as he was on his way home. It struck six as he entered the house.

He had hardly time to shake hands with Mrs. Elders before his wife began to show how she managed him.

"I didn't think, Bert, you'd be late this evening above all others. It's struck six."

Herbert looked at her, and the injustice irritated him. "I can never get here before ten minutes to six, as you know, and you asked me to get this boiled ham at Preed's."

"It never took you ten minutes to get a boiled ham, surely," she said, looking triumphantly at her mother.

"Yes, it did, with three customers in the shop."

He washed his hands and sat down to tea, feeling very sore. It irritated him that his mother-in-law sat in the easy chair by the fire while he ate, and he had to ask her perfunctory questions about her journey and about the other members of her family. He was almost grateful to his wife when she took her mother upstairs. He lit his pipe, took off his coat, put on his gardening boots, and went at once into the garden, and for twenty minutes forgot the indoor atmosphere. Then Flora and her mother came into the garden to look round, and Flora had more fault to find. "You might have thought of taking us round the neighbourhood before it got dark," she complained.

He flushed and scowled. "I must get these seeds in to-night."

When it got too dark he went indoors with his pipe in his mouth and his wife attacked him at once. "I'm surprised at you, Bert," she said in a very shocked tone. "I'm sure mother can't bear the smell of tobacco indoors, even if I have to put up with it. I never could see what you wanted with a dirty pipe in your mouth, either. A cigarette would look a great deal more the thing."

"Never mind me," said Mrs. Elders, not looking at him, but it caused him to put away his lighted pipe with an angry gesture.

He put on his slippers and went towards the front room that Flora called the drawing-room, intending to play the piano. He was a skilful musician, and played the organ at the

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church when the organist was away, and it was one of his disappointments in life that he was not earning his living by music instead of in an office.

He was turning the handle of the drawing-room door, when his wife called sharply: "Bert!"

"Yes, dear," he said.

"Don't go playing that piano to-night, now. Mother's too tired to hear piano-playing. You don't seem to consider."

He felt as humiliated as a child that is forbidden to do something in the presence of strangers, and he tried to hide his humiliation by a sneering question and a lie.

"Who was going to play the piano?" he asked.

He came back with a MS. music-book. "I was going to copy that new tune for Mr. Bright."

"And you'll expect mother and me to sit silent, I suppose, because you are doing it?"

Flora glanced now and again at her mother with a look that implied that this was the way to manage a husband in the first months of married life. Mrs. Elders said little; she was a very quiet woman always, and this evening she was tired, and she did not address many remarks to Herbert. Supper was a more pleasant meal for him; his wife became more amiable to him, and his resolution to deliver an ultimatum when they got to bed came to naught. He was ever ready to respond to a little geniality.

The next evening Flora had to go out to attend a committee-meeting at the school-room, leaving Herbert at home with her mother. She had suggested in the afternoon that it would be the right occasion to give Bert a talking to. "You can be very nice with it, you know, mother," she said. "You've got a way with you, you know, but you can tell him how he ought to behave. He's not a bad sort by any means if he knew his place."

"If I get the chance I'll speak to him," said Mrs. Elders.

"That's right," said Flora, and kissed her mother with a laugh. "Bert is afraid of you, and it will do him good."

As Bert came in from the garden that evening, Flora came downstairs prepared for going out. "I'm going to the committee meeting, Bert," she said. "You can take mother into the drawing-room and play to her till I come back."

Bert nodded, but his face fell. He dreaded to be left alone with Mrs. Elders.

The gas had been lit, and Mrs. Elders, who was seldom idle, was darning socks. "Shall we go into the front room now?" he said briskly. He would be safe while he was playing.

"If you don't mind," she said, "we'll stay here a bit. I shall find it chilly if I sit long in there without a fire."

"Oh, all right," he returned nervously. "I've a letter—a letter or two to write."

"Leave it for a bit," she said, looking at him. "Come and sit down in the arm-chair there—I want to talk to you."

He groaned inwardly and became desperate. "I'd forgotten; I must go out and get some stamps."

"Never mind for a bit," she said, going on with her darning. "Come and sit down for a minute or two."

Helplessly he obeyed and sat in the arm-chair. Tobacco would give him courage, and almost timidly he asked her if she minded his smoking.

"You can smoke," she said. He shoved his pipe in his pocket at her tone, but a moment later drew it out again, filled it carefully, examined it, carefully lighted a match, examined it again, and lighted it.

She waited till he was smoking, and then looked at him. "You see, Flo wanted me to give you a talking to, and, though it's no business of mine, I'm going to do it."

He fidgeted in the chair, flushed, and examining the bowl of his pipe, said: "Oh, did she?"

"Yes. Bert, do you really love Flo?"

"Look here," he cried, with a suggestion of bluster, "of course I love her. I don't care what she says, or what you think, I make her a good husband."

"Yes, but a foolish one," she said placidly.

"Oh, do I? I suppose you think she threw herself away on me. What more can I do?"

"You can act like a man, my dear. I've not been here much more than twenty-four hours, but I have seen enough to know that you don't. You let yourself be ordered about as if you were a child. You must come in when you are told, you mustn't smoke unless you are told, you are not to play the piano unless you are told. Oh, I've no patience with it."

His pipe dropped from his mouth on the fender, and as he stooped to pick it up his face burnt till his eyes watered. He could not grasp her meaning, but as he ventured to meet her calm eyes, it seemed to him there was a twinkle in them.

"I asked you just now," she went on in

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the same placid voice, "if you loved Flo, and you said you did. I am not very sure about it. You see, my boy, she is my daughter, and I love her, and I am speaking for her sake. You are ruining her. In another two years she will be such a woman as nobody would want to live with, and she'll hate her husband. She'll hate you in another couple of years, I tell you."

He met her eyes again. "I—I hardly know what to make—of—of this," he stammered.

"I suppose not. From what I've heard, she's been making use of me to frighten you, my boy—you, a grown-up man. If you do this, that, or the other, the bogey woman shall have you, she says, and like a child it frightens you. I hadn't seen you together five minutes last night before I saw how it was."

"I don't know what to make of this," he stammered again. "It isn't what I expected."

"I know," she said with the same placidity. "You hated the very idea of my coming here. You hardly knew how to be civil to me, and Flora has been showing me all the time how you were like an obedient doggie. I tell you, you are ruining her, and I don't want my daughter ruined, if you please."

His pipe had gone out, and he looked dazed and helpless. At last he found voice to say: "It's a puzzle to me, this. What do you think I ought to do?"

She put down the sock she was darning, and took off her glasses. "My boy, you ought to be a man. I've known Flo longer than you have, and she always took a delight in having her own way—if she could get it. She didn't get it with me, but she's getting it with you, and you are spoiling one who's a good girl at the bottom. In her heart she's fond of you, but she won't be much longer. She's beginning to despise you already, and then she'll hate you. If you are not to get tired of each other you must put your foot down—she's the sort of girl that will like you all the better for putting it down. She didn't write to me about the Volunteer dinner, but she told me about it yesterday, and laughed at the way she had made you miserable about it. She told me you wouldn't go to that sort of thing again in a hurry," and her eyes twinkled once more.

"You've got a way with you, you know, but you can tell him how he ought to behave."

"I don't think I was ever more surprised in my life," he said.

She nodded. "I am not really a bogey woman," she said, with a little laugh. "And, besides, I know my daughter, and I want her to be happy, but she won't be unless——"

He got up, and sat down again. "What ought I to do?" he asked.

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He . . . shook her hand vigorously. "You're a brick," he said.

"I suppose," she said acutely, "when you went to that dinner she shed a few tears?"

"She did when I came back," he replied with a frown, as he thought of that uncomfortable night.

"And you coaxed her round again, I suppose? Well, another time I should let her cry."

"She's always telling me, do you see, that I shall find her gone home. It would make a fine scandal, do you see, if people heard my wife had to leave me."

Mrs. Elders almost grunted. "Don't you know, my boy, some women have played the game thousands of times, and will again if they find a man foolish enough to be taken in by it. I daresay I did when I was a young wife; but, thank God, I had a husband who was my master."

He jumped up, went over to her, and shook her hand vigorously. "You're a brick," he said. "You can't believe how different I feel."

She smiled on him. "Well, make a start now. Go out and don't come in till supper-time, and speak like a man when you do."

He kissed her again. "I will," he said, and went upstairs whistling.

* * * *

When Mrs. Pridsome came in she stared in amazement to find her mother alone. Mrs. Elders had been chuckling to herself for half-an-hour, and it was with difficulty she kept a sober face at her daughter's words and demeanour. "You here alone, mother?" she said. "Where's Bert?"

"He's gone out, I believe."

"Gone out! Where?"

"I don't know."

"Well, of all I ever heard! I never knew him go out before without telling me where he was going and all about it. Did anybody come for him?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Did he say if it was important and how long he'd be gone?"

"No, he just said he was going out."

"Did you give him a talking to?"

"I said a few things to him."

"Did you upset him?"

"A little at first, I suppose."

"Perhaps he went out in a temper."

"I don't think so. My dear, he's not as afraid of me as you think. In fact, I don't think he's afraid of me at all."

"I'll make him afraid of me," said Flora with a laugh. "Wait till he comes in. I told him to play to you. Did he?"

"No."

"*I'll* talk to him when he comes in."

The supper hour was nine, but at nine Herbert was not in. "We'll have supper without him," said Flora. "If he isn't in by the time we've finished he'll get none."

"We'd better wait a minute or two, my dear," said Mrs. Elders.

At ten minutes past nine Herbert came in with his pipe in his mouth. His hand trembled slightly as he turned the knob of the door, but he managed not to shrink before his wife's horrified gaze, and his tone was almost nonchalant when he inquired if supper were ready.

"Supper!" cried Flora. "Where have you been? You left mother here alone and went out."

"Nobody ran away with her, I suppose?" he said jauntily.

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There was more horror on his wife's face. "Where have you been?"

"I've been out, my dear, and that's all I shall tell you. We'll have supper," and he sat down at the table.

Flora looked at him again but he did not quail, and with a tragic air she made the cocoa, cut the bread, and then sat down in the arm-chair by the fireside.

"Aren't you having any supper?" asked her mother.

She shook her head and then hid her face in her handkerchief.

At other times Herbert would have gone to her side and pleaded for forgiveness and coaxed her to the table, but on this momentous night he laughed. "Going to feast on sulks, old girl? Well, I'm afraid it's something you are used to."

Flora was weeping real tears now, though they were but the waters of vexation; but her husband, having burnt his boats, was quite reckless. He took no notice of her but spoke freely to his mother-in-law, who answered in monosyllables. Twice she looked up at him with a glance of encouragement.

He lit his pipe again after supper and went into the drawing-room and played the piano. Smoking was forbidden there, but he was in active rebellion, and he thought his absence from the living-room would give Flora an opportunity to make a furtive supper. When he came out she and her mother had gone to bed.

His wife was in bed sobbing when he got upstairs and it made him uncomfortable. But he had enough clear-sightedness to see that he must not yield on this occasion or the battle would be lost for ever. He took no notice till he was ready for bed, and then said with a laugh: "You'd better go in your mother's bed, my dear—a crying child ought to be with its mother."

She sat up and looked at him. "You brute!" she cried viciously, and then sank down for more tears.

She did not get up to give him his breakfast. "I've a very bad headache and can't get up," she said sulkily.

"If it's a headache I don't mind, my dear; if it's temper I do," he said brightly. She lay half out of bed to listen to him getting his own breakfast, but he did nothing of the kind. He shouted upstairs: "Good-morning, I'm off; I'm going to have my breakfast at Preed's." Preed was the restaurateur and confectioner.

She got up in a fury. "I never saw Bert as he was last night," she said, half in apology, half in explanation, during breakfast.

"From what he said last night he doesn't seem the sort to be driven about," said Mrs. Elders.

"What did you say to him, mother, and what did he say? You did quite right, but it seems to have upset him finely."

"I spoke as kindly to him as I could, my dear, and I thought when he went out he saw things in the same light as I did."

"He must have had a little whisky last night—it always upsets him," said Flora confidently. "He'll be all right again to-night."

But he was not all right again. He got up as soon as he finished tea, and announced he would not be home till supper-time. He refused to say where he was going, and he ran upstairs with his pipe in his mouth, which was one of the chief sins in the Pridsome decalogue. When Flora's back was turned, he smiled at his mother-in-law, and she smiled and nodded in return.

It was two days later that he laid down the law when his wife was issuing her commands. "Look here, my dear," he said, "I'm not going to be ordered about any more. I tell you while your mother is here, so that there can be no mistake. If you don't like it you can go home with her when she leaves next week. You've threatened it often enough."

* * * * *

Ten days after Mrs. Elders had gone back Herbert wrote to her privately. "You were quite right. She likes me better than she ever did. All the thanks are due to you. She is the dearest girl in the world, and no wife could be nicer to a man. If you'll give us an invitation we'll spend our holidays with you, and you will see for yourself."

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How The President Is Elected

The Presidential Election in the United States is very different from a General Election in Great Britain. It costs between one and two millions to elect the American President, and armies of poets, speakers, journalists, typewriters, telegraph operators, and stenographers play their part in the proceedings. The "literature" distributed alone would fill a long goods train, and costs about £100,000. The following article gives some idea of how America's "uncrowned King" wins his way to the White House.

By W. E. Carson.

The United States at the present moment is in a whirl of excitement over another presidential election. Throughout the length and breadth of that great land the campaign is in progress, and millions of American voters are discussing nothing but politics. Everywhere there are mass meetings, speech-making, and processions, with an amount of sensation and uproar that is unparalleled anywhere else in the world. The climax of all this will be reached on the tenth of November, when the American people will decide whether Mr. William Howard Taft or Mr. William Jennings Bryan is to be their President for the next four years.

To a great extent, an American presidential election is much more important than the average British general election. In the first place, the President is practically an uncrowned king, and has far more power than most monarchs. And, again, if the party in power is defeated there is usually a complete reversal of public policy, which means a general upsetting of business. The success of the party out of power is also followed by the dismissal of a host of office-holders, whose billets are given to adherents of the successful party as rewards for their political services. The results of the election are therefore of vital importance.

The American method of conducting a political campaign is very different from that followed in a British general election. The first step is to select the candidates for the presidency, and this is done at two national conventions held by the two great political parties—the Republicans and Democrats. Delegates from all parts of the United States attend these conventions, which are always held in some city in the central part of the country, Chicago being a favourite place. Their proceedings occupy several days, and are witnessed by thousands of excited spectators. At each session brass bands play patriotic airs at frequent intervals, and there is a great amount of flag-waving, singing, and cheering. Speeches are made, in which various public men are suggested as desirable candidates, and at last a vote is taken, when whoever receives the greatest number of votes becomes the party candidate for president.

The Republican Convention in the present campaign was held in Chicago last June, and after two days of speech-making and wild excitement Mr. Taft was chosen as the Republican candidate. When this announcement was made, so intense was the enthusiasm of the delegates and the thousands of spectators, that, leaping to their feet, they gave vent to volleys of cheering which continued for fully three-quarters of an hour. All previous records of cheering were completely broken,

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and the Republican delegates dispersed with the conviction that they had given an exhibition of enthusiasm that their Democratic rivals would never be able to surpass. But they had sadly under-estimated the lung-power of their adversaries.

A few weeks later the Democratic Convention was held in Denver, when a thousand delegates and ten thousand visitors invaded that city. Scenes of unparalleled excitement were witnessed at each session, the climax being reached when Mr. Bryan was at last selected as the presidential candidate of the Democrats. When the result of the voting was announced at half-past seven in the evening, a mighty roar burst from the vast audience—a combined outburst of cheering, yelling, and whooping, to which tin horns and screeching instruments of all kinds added their quota. Scores of frenzied delegates shrieked through megaphones, while several brass bands tried to drown the din by playing patriotic airs. Women in the galleries stood on the seats, frantically waving handkerchiefs and flags, while in the hall below excited delegates capered about or marched to and fro singing and cheering. At intervals, speakers came forward on the platform and made some remarks, but only occasionally were their voices heard.

Photo *Brown Bros., New York*

Mr. Taft, popularly known as "Big Bill Taft," the Republican candidate, addressing a meeting in a heavy downpour of rain.

For eight hours ten thousand enthusiastic Democrats continued this uproarious ovation to Mr. Bryan, who, at his home in Lincoln, Nebraska, hundreds of miles away, listened all night by telephone to this orgy of noise. Jubilant at having so completely eclipsed the Republican exhibition of enthusiasm, the exhausted Democrats dispersed at 3.30 in the morning.

Following the usual custom, the two conventions also drew up declarations of principles, which are called "platforms," because each party is figuratively supposed to stand on its platform in bidding for public support. Each declaration in a platform is called a "plank." The Democrats, for instance, promise if elected to wage a bitter war against trusts, and to do a great deal for the benefit of the labour unions. Another plank in their platform is the rigid exclusion of Japanese immigrants from the United States.

It may be added that the Republican party corresponds in some respects to the English Conservative party, while the Democrats are more akin to the Radical element in the Liberal party.

The candidates having been chosen and the platforms adopted, the real work of the campaign begins. This is managed by two national committees representing the Republican and Democratic parties, and these usually have their headquarters in New York. Under the direction of the national committees there are sub-committees in each of the States which, in turn, direct hundreds of local committees. The work of the campaign is thus wonderfully organised, and has all the intricacy of a great machine. The work of the national committees is divided into numerous departments, which include Advertising, Literature, and Public Speaking; and there is even a staff of political poets employed to grind out campaign poetry and songs.

Enormous sums are spent by the Advertising Department, which is conducted like that of any great business requiring publicity for its success. Advertisements are inserted in all the leading partisan papers, and a large amount is also expended in subsidising a host of small newspapers, as there are plenty of American country editors who will support either party for a cash consideration.

Connected with the Department of Literature there is a large staff of editorial writers and reporters who gather news of the

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campaign, which is printed and sent all over the United States to partisan newspapers, free of charge.

A great sum is spent by the two committees for what is called "campaign literature." This comprises books, pamphlets, and political tracts, which not only inform the people what each party is standing for, but supply orators and writers with a mass of facts and arguments. This year the two committees will probably spend £100,000 in the preparation and publication of this literature, making a mass of printed matter sufficient to load a long goods train.

The Department of Public Speaking employs a legion of speakers, popularly known as "spellbinders," because they are supposed to "bind in a spell" all those who listen to their eloquence. Many of these are speakers of local and national repute, such as lawyers, clergymen, members of Congress, and other public men. Special trains are employed to convey the important speakers from one part of the country to another; some of them spend most of their time on the trains, travelling for weeks at a time, sometimes making long trips on motor cars or flying from one point to another on a railway engine. Payment of speakers and writers employed by the committees is extremely liberal. The former receive no salaries or fixed fees, but in starting out are given a roll of bank-notes to cover expenses, more money being supplied when needed.

Photo Brown Bros., New York.

Mr. Bryan (the second figure from the right) on the way to a political meeting with a few supporters. He is the champion of the Democratic party, and a bitter foe to the Trusts.

A great force of clerks, shorthand writers, typewriters, telegraphers and messengers is employed by each committee. Other large expenses are for posters and flags and badges bearing portraits of the candidates, which are lavishly distributed. A large amount of the campaign funds is devoted to what is called "secret work." How much of this is actually employed in buying votes can never be guessed at, but since the secret ballot law went into effect in many States bribery has been much lessened.

The work of the campaign thus involves the expenditure of vast sums of money, and this is raised by means of party contributions. The Republican Party, which is popularly known as the "rich men's party," is liberally supported by the trusts and other great corporations, while large sums are sent in by banks, railway companies, and business firms of every description. The great business interests, as a rule, are strongly opposed to the election of Mr. Bryan.

The important work of collecting this fund is managed by Mr. George Sheldon, a well-known New York banker, who is treasurer of the Republican national committee. Large sums are also raised by the various sub-committees in each of the States.

The Democrats have to depend largely on the contributions of the poorer classes, the hard-working farmers who are bitterly opposed to the trusts, and the labour unions. But even from these sources an enormous sum is usually raised. So enthusiastic are the supporters of Mr. Bryan, that during a recent railway journey a committee boarded his train at a small country station and presented him with a large amount of money, being contributions of one and two guineas collected from people in the neighbourhood.

There is no law in the United States requiring candidates to present an account of their election expenses. There is consequently no limit to the amount that can be expended; and the cost of elections has thus grown enormously of late years. In 1860 the Republican Committee spent only £120 to elect Abraham Lincoln, the famous anti-slavery president. This year it is estimated that the

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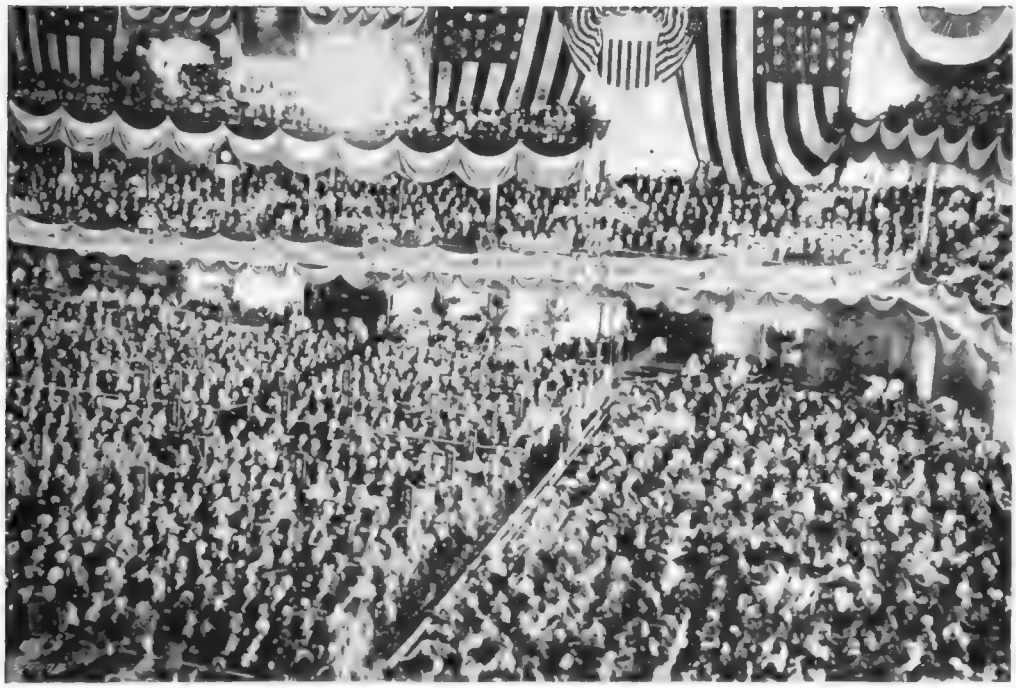

Photo *Brown Bros., New York*

The interior of the Convention Hall at Denver, Colorado, during the Democratic Convention held this summer. Frantic enthusiasm greeted the adoption of Mr. Bryan as the party candidate for the Presidency, and from 7.30 in the evening till 3.30 a.m. the delegates and their friends cheered, yelled, and whooped through megaphones and blew tin horns. Hundreds of miles away Mr. Bryan, at his home at Lincoln, Nebraska, listened to the din over the telephone.

total campaign expenses of the two parties will exceed a million pounds, and may possibly reach two millions. At the same time there are Congressional or Parliamentary elections taking place all over the United States as well as a number of minor campaigns. The total cost of all these, including the presidental election, will, it is believed, reach the amazing total of nearly five million pounds.

Americans do not regard their elections quite so gravely as Englishmen do, and manage to derive a good deal of amusement from them. All over the United States the younger men form what are called "campaign clubs," and array themselves in all sorts of grotesque uniforms, in which they frequently parade through the streets. These clubs bear such queer titles as "The Taft Cadets," or "The Bryan Zouaves."

During one election I remember witnessing the parade of a club called "The Republican Grenadiers," whose members wore an old-fashioned military uniform, such as our forefathers might have worn at the Battle of Waterloo. They had white duck trousers and funny scarlet coats, cut something like the modern evening dress coat, with white leather cross-belts and gold tinsel epaulettes. On their heads they wore towering bearskin busbies, with tall white plumes. Even sober business men belonged to the club, and were not ashamed to march through the streets in this *opera bouffe* costume.

In some parts of the West, the clubmen wear a sort of thin oilcloth uniform, the reason for which is apparent, when it is added that on their heads they wear a brass helmet which is really a lamp. It contains a quantity of kerosene, and the wick passes through the helmet spike. Below this is a receptacle containing flash-light powder connected, by an indiarubber tube, with the wearer's mouth. When the club marches out at night the lamps are lighted, and in giving what the clubmen call a "grand salute," each man blows into his tube, which passes a stream of powder over the lamp-flame, and sends a flash of light several feet into the air. The oilcloth uniforms are, of course, uninjured by the droppings of the lamp-oil. With unconscious humour, newspapers of the opposing party sometimes refer to these enthusiasts as "misguided young hot heads."

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In the present campaign the emblems of the two parties are often seen, the Republican emblem being an elephant, while that of the Democrats, strangely enough, is a long-eared donkey, although this is being gradually supplanted by a tiger.

Many of the younger Democrats and Republicans, when marching out, show their loyalty to their parties by wearing queer-looking hats, surmounted by a *papier maché* elephant or tiger in bright colours. Some Democratic clubs also bear aloft in their processions large *papier maché* tigers with nodding heads. An imitation rifle of light wood is also much in use. To the barrel of this there is attached a circular revolving fan, decorated with stars and stripes. The clubmen carry their rifles over their shoulders, and in giving the grand salute, each releases a spring which causes the fan to revolve with lightning rapidity. Instead of guns, some of them when marching out carry walking-sticks, to which are attached bright blue or red flags bearing, in white letters, the name of their favoured candidate.

Almost every man, woman and child in the United States is wearing a small election badge of metal or celluloid on which appears the portrait of Mr. Bryan or Mr. Taft. Campaign stockings, too, have become a very attractive feature of the election this year. Many enthusiastic young women are actually wearing hosiery bearing, at the ankle part, the portrait of the man whom they want to be President.

When the campaign clubs are not marching out, they hold frequent meetings and listen to the eloquence of the "spell binders." These meetings are usually enlivened by music, as most of the clubs have a drum and fife corps or a brass band. To the accompaniment of these, they join in singing the campaign songs written by the campaign poets. These are usually set to stirring national airs such as "Marching through Georgia" or "Dixie." This year, a popular Republican song is entitled "When Taft comes marching home," the chorus being as follows:

Get ready for the jubilee, Hurrah! Hurrah!
Get ready for the jubilee, Hurrah! Hurrah!
Get ready for the jubilee,
We'll welcome him with three times three,
We'll all yell T-A-F-T
When he comes marching home.

Photo *Brown Bros., New York.*

The Pittsburg marching club at the Chicago Convention. In the United States political marching clubs are a national institution. The members, including staid business men, parade in remarkable uniforms, and carry flags or umbrellas bearing the national colours.

The Democrats, who are rather more sentimental, have set a popular campaign song to the tune of the "Old Oaken Bucket," which has the following pathetic chorus:

Our William J. Bryan,
Our great Jennings Bryan;
This peerless man Bryan
We all love so well.

Election mass meetings in the United States, by the way, are very different from those held in this country. The Republican and Democratic voters hold separate meetings, and are addressed only by speakers of their own particular faith. No Democratic voter could be induced to attend a Republican meeting, and *vice-versâ*. There is consequently no heckling, because the audiences are always in sympathy with the speakers. Nor would

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heckling be allowed, for any person interrupting a public speaker would be instantly arrested for disorderly conduct. As there are vast numbers of foreign-born voters in the country who understand very little English, a large number of foreign speakers are employed to deliver speeches in German, Swedish, Polish, Russian, Yiddish, etc. If a candidate is fortunate enough to have a polyglot ancestry, so much the better, as it is a good thing for catching the foreign vote. Mr. Roosevelt, for instance, gained thousands of German votes by reason of his Dutch ancestors.

An amusing feature of the present campaign is the use of what are called "talking pictures." Cinematograph views are taken of the candidates in characteristic attitudes, and loud-talking phonographs are attached to these moving pictures, which are exhibited at mass meetings. Mr. Bryan, for instance, will be shown waving away some imaginary multi-millionaire while the phonograph shouts in stentorian tones: "I will never be ruled by trusts; all the wealth of America could not make me cease my opposition to them."

Mr. Taft, with a bland smile, will be seen in another picture holding out his hand in fraternal greeting, as the phonograph yells some such words as "I gladly welcome the American working man to our ranks, for he is the backbone of our glorious country."

The moving pictures also illustrate the public life of the candidates. Mr. Taft, for example, is shown riding his horse, sitting in his office, and being received in the various countries which he visited during his recent tour round the world. Mr. Bryan, as a man of the people, is shown in his shirt-sleeves, digging up potatoes on his farm, ploughing and reaping; also working at his desk as a journalist, for he owns and edits a newspaper.

During the closing weeks of the campaign there are frequent minor political processions all over the country; but shortly before election day each of the parties has one grand procession in all the big cities. These processions are a unique feature of American life, and present a wonderfully inspiring spectacle. New York, by reason of its greater population, usually has the most imposing one. When Mr. McKinley was elected in 1896 over a hundred thousand men, belonging to the various campaign clubs, marched in the Republican procession, moving along the streets from nine in the morning until past six in the evening. New York's great thoroughfare, Fifth Avenue, presents a wonderful sight during one of these processions. From scores of buildings hang huge American flags bearing portraits of the candidates, and in some cases these flags are strung across the street. As far as the eye can reach there are dense crowds. Every available band has been engaged to furnish music to the tens of thousands of marching clubmen, and the air resounds with the strains of "Hail Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," and other stirring tunes. Every marcher wears or carries a small American flag; sometimes the members of a club will carry open umbrellas, the covers composed of blue and white bars; so that there are miles of moving stars and stripes. As the clubs march past, they frequently shout their campaign cries or join in cheering, which is taken up by the

Photo Brown Bros., New York.

President Roosevelt casting his vote at Oyster Bay, Long Island, N.Y. It is considered proper for the President to wait until a long line of citizens has formed up and then humbly place himself last.

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crowds in the street until the din is deafening. With this frenzy of excitement election day is ushered in.

There are numerous voting places in the various cities, and to accommodate the crowds of voters temporary polling-booths are set up at some of the street corners. These are guarded by policemen, and there are also certain officials appointed to scrutinise each voter. This is very necessary, as there is a good deal of attempted illegal voting. Hundreds of tramps, called "panhandlers," are sometimes brought into New York and other cities, given plenty to eat and drink, and provided with free sleeping quarters until election day, when they are marched up to vote for the party that has entertained them. Scores of arrests are usually made; but law and order prevail in most parts of the country, and the voting is conducted quietly enough.

Enthusiasts wearing party emblems in the shape of *papier maché* hats. The man on the left has assumed the elephant of the Republicans, while his companion on the right displays the Democratic tiger.

Each of the candidates casts his ballot, and is usually the target for the newspaper photographers while so engaged. The President always comes from Washington to his place of residence to cast his vote. That city, the seat of the national government, is in the District of Columbia, which is neutral ground, and no votes can be cast there in a presidential election.

This year, Mr. Roosevelt will go to the little village of Oyster Bay, near New York, where he has his country house. The voting there is conducted in a small room over the village post-office. It is considered proper for a President, on arriving at the polling place, to wait until there is a long line of voters ahead of him, and then meekly to take his place at the end of the line, refusing all invitations to precede his fellow citizens. This is for the purpose of giving an object lesson in democracy.

Election day in the United States is a public holiday and all business is suspended. All over New York, and in other American cities, there are bulletin stations surrounded by excited crowds, watching the returns which are constantly flashed on huge screens by stereopticons.

Nearly every man carries a tin horn which he blows with all his available vigour.

Photo *Brown Bros., New York.*

Watching for the results at Madison Square Garden, New York, on election night. The returns are continually flashed on huge screens by stereopticons. Most members of the crowd are provided with tin trumpets.

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How the Honour of Two Rivals was Satisfied.

By Fox Russell.

Old Scrooby Hall, the seat of the Foxley family, was filled by a cheery house-party in the early days of October. Shooting was the *raison d'être* of the gathering, varied by an occasional turn at cub-hunting (for the early risers). But, whilst these sports afforded occupation out of doors, the close observer had an ample fund of amusement within, in watching the progress of what the fairer portion of creation there assembled soon came to call, "Léonie's love affairs."

Léonie Lavendale, the ward of her host, Sir John Foxley, a girl of peculiarly attractive appearance (a fact of which she was perfectly well aware), was apparently carrying on three distinct flirtations simultaneously with different members of the house-party; Captain Jerningham Ginger, of the Indian Irregular Horse; Wilhelm von Schmertzen, a lieutenant of Prussian Dragoons; and Commander Vail, of H.M.S. *Alligator*. But the charming Léonie had only openly shown favour to the two first-named, and the gallant commander she apparently merely laughed and joked with, *coram publico*. For all serious purposes he seemed to be completely out of the running, whilst Captain Ginger and his German rival had reached such a pitch of mutual jealousy that they could barely remain civil to one another.

The Herr Lieutenant sang sentimental ditties, and Léonie played the accompaniments; whilst, as a counterblast, the gallant Ginger roared martial roundelays and fired them over her head in deafening salvoes. But, though so estranged from each other in most matters, both the fervent candidates thought alike in making poor Vail their (most unwilling) confidant. In consequence of this, he found himself continually being "stalked" by one or other of the jealous suitors, and consulted as to his opinion of the state of the lady's affections. After a time this began to grow somewhat monotonous, and, whenever the unfortunate sailor saw either the love-sick German or the fiery cavalryman approaching, he fled incontinently. But on riding or walking expeditions, there was no escape, nor did even the billiard-room afford any sanctuary to the much-harassed man.

One day, whilst riding, when Léonie had been dividing her favours with strict impartiality between the two rivals, things got to such a pitch that Vail, riding a little behind the rest, began to fear an open rupture. So, to create a diversion, he called Captain Ginger's attention to some diminutive deer in an inclosed part of their host's park, which they were just crossing at the time.

"Yes. Springbok — quite common in South Africa," snapped the other. "My dear Vail," he broke off suddenly, his eyes

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jealously following every movement of his rival, riding ahead at Léonie's side, "don't you consider—I appeal to you as a man of the world—don't you consider that that young fellah takes a great deal too much on himself, what? Always riding by her side, whether she likes it or not, eh?"

"Perhaps she *does* like it," put in Vail slyly.

"Oh, preposterous, impossible, quite impossible!" jerked out the gallant Ginger. "Sensible girl like that can't, positively can*not*, care twopence about that moon-faced German calf. What? Do you think so, eh? Now, I wish you would really give me your opinion. Does she care for him or not, eh?"

And Captain Jerningham Ginger put his arms akimbo, and positively glowered in the direction of the youthful German, whilst anxiously awaiting Vail's reply.

"Well, if you ask me candidly, I should say no."

Captain Ginger gave a self-satisfied grunt, and, inspired by this reply, rode aggressively up to Miss Lavendale's side, and almost pushed the German's horse away from her. Herr von Schmertzen twisted up his moustache-ends fiercely, but gave place, vowing vengeance in his heart the while.

Dropping back to Vail's side, he lowered his voice and said:

"Love you the Captain Ginger, not was? Yes, no? Speak I to a friend of it?"

"Oh, I suppose we're all friends, more or less, in the party," responded Vail lightly. He was thoroughly enjoying the fun of this bloodless duel.

"Ah, ha! *Zo*—but think you not that he—that red man—make very foolish of himselfs to woo the *Fraulein* Lavendale? *Ach!* she is too putifuls for words of description, is it not? *Ach Himmel!* I would volunteerly gif mein lifes for she!"

And in the excess of his emotion he clasped his hands together and dropped the reins. Before he could recover them, his horse had nearly bucked the young lieutenant over its head.

Day after day passed, and the fair Léonie still played her game—whatever it might be, for no one seemed to know what that game was—except perhaps Vail, who, whilst on the friendliest of terms with Sir John's pretty ward, seemed to come in for none of the actual flirting.

At last Sir John's growing uneasiness prompted him to speak seriously to Léonie.

"My dear Léonie, you are playing fast and loose with these two estimable fellows. Do you mean anything or not?" he asked ponderously.

"They amuse me," she laughed.

"Yes, I daresay. But I should be sorry to think you were trifling with any man's affections. Now, both these men are in a good position, social and financial. You have two thousand a year, my dear girl, and if you felt disposed to marry either of them, you know——?"

Miss Lavendale laughed again.

"Perhaps I'll marry *you*—or Captain Vail," she cried mischievously.

Sir John had no sense of humour; whatever was said to him he took literally. He looked astonished, and then said:

"Oh, no; such a marriage would never do between guardian and ward, my dear young lady. Besides, I shall never marry again. And, as to your marrying Captain Vail, it would be quite out of the question; he has nothing but his pay to live on. You know I should never consent to that."

Léonie made no reply.

While this brief conversation was taking place upstairs, the Herr Lieutenant was pouring forth his soul in lover's rhapsodies in the morning-room to an unappreciative audience, consisting of a Persian cat and the small Scotch terrier, who, after nobly standing the greater part of the song, opened his mouth and let go an anguished howl when the top note *finale* was reached. And, just at this moment, Captain Jerningham Ginger entered the room.

"Sorry," he jerked out, eyeing the German with ill-concealed disfavour. "Afraid I interrupted your—singing. Musical nation, yours. Street German bands, and so forth. Heard rather a melancholy sound as I came in, but perhaps it was Scotty here, not you? I couldn't tell the difference; no ear for music."

"*Ach, so!* You gombare mein song mit der leedle tog's! You haf no musics in your herz. You wish to make me der insult, not was?" cried the young lieutenant hotly.

"Take it which way you like!" blustered the gallant Ginger, eager for battle. "I heard that you were leaving to-day, but my information seems to be incorrect."

The German swung round on the music stool with a furious glare in his eyes.

"I alzo heard dot you was to left to-day, but not was? *Zo* you stop yet more."

"Yes, and I don't think there's room for both of us at Scrooby," said Ginger angrily. "Come, I'm willing to give you a sporting

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chance — I'll toss you whether you or I leave the field clear for the other. That's fair."

"*Nein*, I don'd dake der chance. Id may be dot you don'd toss der coin fair."

But, almost as soon as the words were out of his mouth, the young German experienced one of the most unpleasant sensations of his life; for Captain Jerningham Ginger's finger and thumb were tweaking the Herr Lieutenant's nose, and tweaking it badly, too.

"That's a charge of cheating, you—you German—sausage!" blustered the infuriated assailant, "and can only be washed out in blood. Blood, sir, blood!" And Ginger strode up and down the room almost beside himself with rage.

Lieutenant Schmertzen was rubbing his offended nasal organ with a rueful air and the point of his forefinger. But the lust of battle was in his eye, and he cried wrathfully:

The Herr Lieutenant was pouring forth his soul . . . to an unappreciative audience, consisting of a Persian cat and the small Scotch terrier . . . and, just at this moment, Captain Jerningham Ginger entered the room.

"*Donnerwetter!* I fight you mit swords or pistols. I zend a friend to gif you the challenge not was? You haf make me ze mortal insult—und alzo you haf 'urt mein nose!"

He stalked out of the room, and straightway sought his friend Vail. To him he confided all that had taken place, after which he besought him to act as bearer of a formal challenge to his foe.

"But, my dear sir, duelling has gone out of fashion altogether," objected Vail.

"Not zo in Chermany," replied the young man, who was so angry that he put all prudence aside. "He mein nose have pulled—voluriteerly would I cow-whip—no, horsewhip—'im if he refuse to make me ze duel."

Vail suppressed a laugh, as a humorous thought suddenly struck him.

"Look here, Herr Schmertzen," he said, "I can't act for you in this matter, but Jack Desmond" (one of the house-party) "will,

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if I ask him to. Shall I see him on your behalf, and manage the affair?"

Schmertzen was so overcome with gratitude that he suddenly flung his arms round the astonished commander, and kissed him on the cheek.

Vail immediately left the room, and, before seeking Desmond, thoroughly washed the place where the German had imprinted his chaste salute.

Ten minutes later, Desmond had undertaken to adopt all Vail's suggestions, and to act as the lieutenant's "friend."

"But our dodge will be found out, don't you think?" asked Desmond doubtfully.

"Not till the whole business is over," returned the sailor, "and by that time——"

Just then, a Captain Blackburn entered the room.

"Do you hear we're to have a duel?" asked the newcomer laughing. "The German has just met me, and says he's going to call Ginger out. There's been some nose-pulling, it seems."

Vail explained. Then the three spoke together in whispers, freely punctuated with laughter, for a few minutes, after which Vail left the other two to settle details of the projected meeting, whilst he proceeded to a well-sheltered spot in the grounds and met Léonie—who also, by some curious coincidence, had selected the same place for her afternoon ramble.

The lieutenant's challenge was issued that day, Desmond waiting on Captain Jerningham Ginger, and being referred by that martial soul to his friend Captain Blackburn, to settle preliminaries. A little later on, the latter and Jack Desmond met, and chose pistols as the weapons, at fifteen paces, meeting to take place at dawn of the following day. However serious a matter it might be for the principals, candour compels us to admit that the seconds took the affair in a spirit of unholy levity.

Dinner that night at Scrooby was a somewhat gloomy function. Both the candidates for sudden death were silent and thoughtful, one of them, at least, beginning to wish he hadn't gone quite so far, and that something—anything—might occur to render to-morrow's meeting needless; whilst Sir John was preoccupied, thinking of his ward's light-hearted treatment of two such eligible suitors. The rest of the party appeared to be infected with the general dismalness; even Léonie was *distraite* and silent.

Immediately after dinner the lieutenant retired, whilst Captain Ginger went to the billiard-room and conversed earnestly with his second. Truth to tell, the gallant captain was, as the Yankees say, "clawing off" a bit. His temper had cooled. In fact, it was a very mild form of Ginger that whispered his feelings into Blackburn's ears just at this juncture.

"Of course, my dear sir, you quite understand that I don't want to shoot the fellah, or even to hurt the fellah. Even at the eleventh hour I would accept an apology. If he'll just apol——"

"What! for having his nose pulled?" broke in Blackburn.

Captain Ginger coughed.

"He—he—provoked the assault himself—he——"

"My dear sir, you have assaulted a man, he has called you out, and you, as a gentleman, must give him satisfaction."

"Think so? Well, I suppose there is something in what you say; still——"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, my dear Ginger, we'll hope no fatal consequences will ensue."

Captain Ginger turned rather pale at this suggestion, and somewhat tremulously took up a cue and attempted a cannon, with poor success.

Meantime the lieutenant was inditing a heartrending missive, in somewhat indifferent English, to Léonie. In it he observed that he might never see her "once more yet again," as he was about to court death for her sweet sake at the hands of the insolent barbarian, who had ventured "mein nose to pull." The writer wept in an access of self-pity as he penned "zo young, zo fair, *und* yet to die!" He blew his nose soulfully, and then gently rubbed it and mused upon his wrongs.

"Then you'll see to the loading of the pistols, old man," cried Desmond to his fellow second as they parted for the night, and Blackburn replied with a solemn wink.

Soon after daybreak next morning, a small group of men silently left the house by the garden door, crossed the lawn, and, scrambling over the sunk fence, entered the deer park. The arena had been already agreed upon, so no time was lost in choosing the ground. Blackburn had stepped out the fifteen paces, when Captain Ginger took him by the arm and drew him aside.

"Don't misunderstand me, my dear Blackburn," he began, coughing the fog out of his throat, "it is not that I am unwilling to fight, far from it. Fact is, as an old soldier, I'm afraid I'm rather too much of a fighter,

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Blackburn had stepped out the fifteen paces, when Captain Ginger took him by the arm and drew him aside.

ha, ha!" The laugh was somewhat thin and mirthless. "But you see, this fellah is a boy compared with me, and—and—if anything happened to him—er—you see—people might say: 'Butchard!—butchard in cold blood, by gad! and by a notorious duellist!'" And the gallant captain kicked his legs out, and really thought for a moment that he had "bluffed" his second into believing him to be a very desperate fellow indeed. He continued: "I really don't know whether I wouldn't, just for the sake of the fellah's mother—what, he hasn't a mother? oh —" in rather disappointed tones—"well, then, for his father's sa—oh, an orphan you say? H'm—ah—well—er—anyhow, I don't bear any malice, I—I'm willing to say I was hasty—yes, that's it, hasty—if—if it'll prevent bloodshed." Blackburn looked grave.

"I'm afraid to make that offer would be wholly irregular. Duelling's quite gone out of fashion, and if you do fight, you should stick to the old conventions."

Captain Ginger gnawed at his moustache.

"Nevertheless make him the offer. Then the fellah's blood will be on his own head."

And the gallant officer tried to put on an elaborate swagger as he lighted a cigarette and put the wrong end in his mouth.

Blackburn crossed over to Desmond and conferred with him. They were just parting again when the German, naturally anxious to shorten the time of suspense, broke in:

"Herr Ginger apologise?"

"He does," replied Desmond, "but Captain Blackburn and myself——"

"He have mein nose very ill made. It schwell zo big as a sausage!"

"Yes, your second and I both consider the insult too gross for an apology."

"Zo. Den I would volunteerly commence sooner as at once," replied the lieutenant, bracing himself for the ordeal.

Blackburn returned to his principal.

"It's no good, Ginger, he won't hear of an apology. He means business!"

Captain Jerningham Ginger went a shade paler and wished himself back in India. Dropping his voice so that only Blackburn could hear, he said:

"You must remember I am soon going to a very hot place——"

"Oh, we'll hope not!" broke in his second.

"No, no, I don't mean that. I was thinking of India and——"

"Now, my dear Ginger," Blackburn went on, "we are losing valuable time. You

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wouldn't like the police to arrive on the scene and stop the meeting."

"Oh, shouldn't I?" blurted out the gallant captain. "I mean—I mean, of course, 'oh, I shouldn't.' Funny how the order of the words got reversed, wasn't it?" he concluded lamely, moistening his dry lips and staring anxiously in the direction of his adversary.

No further time was lost. The principals were quickly placed at the agreed fifteen paces, and then Desmond stepped back and thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen, I shall say: 'Are you ready? One, two, three, fire!'"

The combatants nodded, but not cheerfully; then came the words:

"Are you ready? One, two, three, fire!"

Simultaneously the reports rang out upon the foggy air, and almost at the same moment a hooter (evidently from some motor-car speeding past the park gates) sounded a series of aggressive blasts. Desmond and Blackburn looked at each other and—laughed.

But, to the surprise of these careless seconds, instead of the exchange of pistol shots proving harmless, as they had fully expected, Captain Ginger clapped his hand to his heart, staggered, and fell. Desmond quickly put a brandy flask to his lips, and a little colour soon returned to the ashen face.

"Get me back to the house and send for a doctor—I'm hit!" he murmured.

The seconds exchanged mystified glances; then, with the lieutenant's help, they slowly raised the fallen man and assisted him back to the hall.

Those forming the melancholy *cortége* were somewhat surprised to see, thus early, Sir John's dogcart standing at the door as they went in, and, a moment later, their host himself, his usual serenity quite forgotten, came tearing down the stairs, three at a time. The wounded man dropped heavily into a chair, whilst Desmond stepped forward as spokesman.

"Sir John, I am sorry to have to tell you that a duel has just taken place in your grounds, and that Captain Ginger has been——"

"Oh, get out of the way!" roared the host, "don't delay me. Here, take this letter, it will explain everything."

And without further pause he rushed through the hall, leapt into the dogcart, and drove away at breakneck speed down the avenue leading to the lodge gates.

Jack Desmond looked around him at the other members of the party in blank astonishment, and then read out aloud the following letter in Vail's handwriting:

DEAR SIR JOHN,

It is with the greatest reluctance that I have decided upon eloping with Léonie from your house—for the abuse of your hospitality I can never adequately apologise. Unluckily, as you, in the perfectly proper exercise of your discretion, have decided that I am not an eligible suitor for your ward, and as I am ordered off to the China station before she comes of age (when she can do as she chooses about marrying), no alternative seems open to us.

We are leaving the house at daybreak by motor-car, and intend to sound a cheery salute to the amorous duellists as we pass the park gates. They will be enacting the part of the two lions quarrelling over the slain deer, whilst I shall be the ignoble but fortunate jackal who, meantime, runs off with the prey.

(Here each of the combatants emitted a dismal groan.)

You need have no fear as to the result of the duel itself. Desmond, Blackburn, and I drew the bullets.

(the "wounded" man ceased to gasp in short breaths, sat bolt upright, and turned very red in the face).

If either is hit it will only be with a wad, and the sole danger they run is that of catching cold by getting their feet wet on the damp grass.

Léonie, who will be my wife, I trust, by this afternoon, sends her love, and joins with me in asking your forgiveness for all the trouble we are causing you.—I remain, dear Sir John, yours very truly,

CHARLES VAIL.

A momentary pause occurred—a somewhat awkward one for some of the party—then Captain Ginger, not waiting for the arrival of the doctor who had been summoned, quietly rose and walked upstairs in silence. The seconds looked at each other and repressed a horrible inclination to giggle. The lieutenant let loose a quotation from Heine which he deemed appropriate to the occasion, then broke into a die-away German song, and the rest got up and fled.

When Sir John returned from his fruitless chase (rather relieved, in point of fact, that he had not overtaken the fugitives), he found the Scrooby Hall house-party practically broken up, and a small pile of letters of excuse awaiting him. The last communication which he opened was a telegram from Léonie, announcing that she had been married that morning to Vail, and that they were then starting on their brief honeymoon before her husband joined his ship *en route* for China. And by way of showing his forgiveness, Sir John wired back that he should expect Léonie to stay at Scrooby until Vail returned to England.

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Charles Dickens, the novelist. He complained that his wife did not understand him, and wrote to his friends referring to her as "poor Katy." Finally they separated.

The Handsome Genius as a Husband

By Wilfred Mason.

Are the Wives of Handsome Men of Genius Generally Distinguished for Happiness?

"Good looks are necessary to a woman, but they are impertinence in a man."

This was the dictum of a feminine philosopher long ago.

Women love to generalise, and they do, in a general way, resent remarkable beauty in men, though, of course, in the case of any particular man they are captivated by it.

If a man is handsome a woman feels that he is possibly too attractive; that if she cares for him she cannot bind him especially to herself. He will appeal merely through his looks to other women no less than to herself. She will never feel quite sure of him, and woman likes to feel quite sure.

Finally, when good looks are super-added to intellect and physical force, will not the combination make the man in whom it is discerned arrogant, unreasonable, and overbearing? In this last consideration there is no doubt a good deal of truth. Good looks alone, without mind or manners, or personal magnetism, will not go very far in winning favour for a man. The merely handsome man, who is only handsome, and nothing else, has at the beginning a certain advantage over other men; but his face and form will soon become tiresome if they do not correspond to something equally attractive in his personality.

But the case is very different when the man, in addition to good looks, has also genius. He has then a sort of completeness of which sooner or later he becomes extremely conscious.

Royal marriages, as a rule, are not to be taken as illustrative of the general truth that handsome men are not good husbands, except, perhaps, in the case of Henry VIII., who married, not from policy, but always from love, or what he thought was love, and whose wife-murders and divorces form a unique chapter in the annals of royal matrimony.

Napoleon offers a somewhat curious example of a man who at one time of his life was far from handsome, but who at another period was a perfect type of masculine beauty. It is worth noting that before he became handsome he was a most devoted husband, and that later, when he might have sat as a sculptor's model, he became notorious for his matrimonial infidelities. Soon after his marriage with Josephine, at the time when he took command of the French army in Italy, he was almost a scarecrow of a man.

Veteran officers who were ordered to report to him experienced a shock of surprise at first beholding this shrivelled, cadaverous youth. It was not until they met the rapier-like glance of his wonderful eyes, which seemed to read their very souls, that they recognised the genius that burnt within his puny frame.

This was the period when he poured out his very heart in those impassioned love letters written to Josephine by the light of the camp fires, and dispatched by special couriers to Paris, so that she might hear of his intense devotion to her, and of the brilliant victories which she had inspired him to win.

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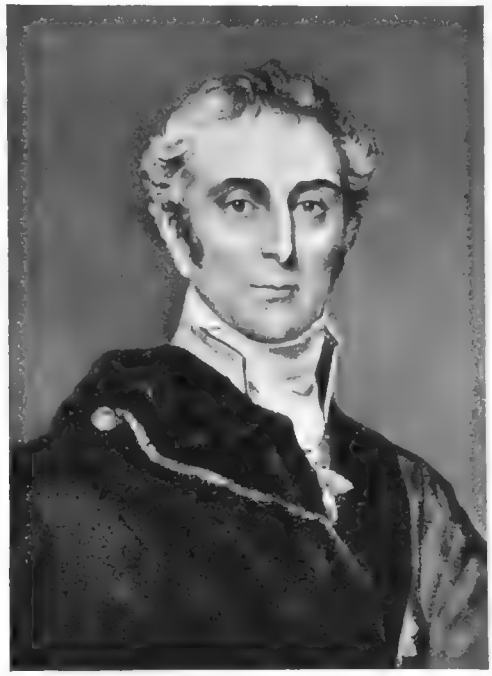
But later, when he had crowned himself and her, and when his power was established, a strange change came over him.

His meagre frame filled out, and took on the proportions of the strong and vigorous man. His face recalled that of a Cæsar, beautiful in its classical regularity—a cameo of a face, in which the sensuousness of the mouth was corrected by the thoughtfulness of the brow and by the great, lambent eyes.

But from that time he ceased to be a good husband, and his relations with Josephine were marked by unfaithfulness and cruelty.

Napoleon's great adversary, the Duke of Wellington, was no better as a husband, though his defects were of a different character. He, too, at the pinnacle of his fame, was a man of great personal attractiveness. He won the heart of a very beautiful woman, who adored him, and broke off another engagement of marriage that she might marry Wellington.

The great Duke, however, arrogant with success, and almost worshipped by his countrymen and countrywomen, treated his wife with a sort of superior disdain, snubbing her in public and at times showing her a harshness which nothing could excuse.



The Duke of Wellington, the famous soldier, married a beautiful woman who broke off another engagement for his sake. But, arrogant with success, he treated her with inexcusable harshness, even snubbing her in public.

Wellington was, indeed, almost devoid of natural family affections, implacable, unforgiving, cruel even to his own son. His nature was too self-centred for him to care for any other than himself. He delighted most in consorting with persons of exceedingly high rank, and in this respect he was something of a snob.

If we turn to English literary history there are to be found some striking instances in the lives of Addison and Milton, Byron, Shelley, Dickens, and Bulwer Lytton. All of these, in their youth, were unusually handsome men, yet all of them caused unhappiness at home—Addison by his love of drink, Milton by his Puritanic severity, Byron and Shelley by their lawless and undomestic propensities, Dickens by his unfitness for a well-ordered life, and Bulwer Lytton because of a certain arrogant ferocity.

The case of Milton is a strange one. As a young man he was very beautiful, so that at the university he was called "the Lady." His light brown hair hung down upon his shoulders, and his eyes, though not luminous, were tender and appealing. It is said that he has drawn himself in the picture which he gives of Adam in "Paradise Lost."

Moreover, he was vigorous and active, a skilful fencer, and one who at that time enjoyed all that is beautiful, as we can see in reading his two exquisite poems, "L'Allegro" and "Comus."

But when he married a charming young girl he took her to a home that was no home at all, so dismal was it, so austere its life, and so destitute of anything to attract a merry, pleasure-loving, sane-minded woman.

Milton, indeed, had no respect for women. As one of his biographers expresses it, he had "something like a Turkish contempt of females, as subordinate and inferior beings. That his own daughters might not break the ranks, he suffered them to be depressed by a mean and penurious education. He thought women made only for obedience, and man only for rebellion."

At one time his wife actually left him, returning to her family, whereupon Milton declared that the Scriptures gave him power to divorce her and to take another wife in her place. Ultimately she returned to him, and dragged out a tedious existence, united with one whose beauty of person made him isolated from all tenderness.

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The unhappiness which Byron caused is almost too well known to be detailed again. High-spirited, ardent, and flattered alike for his poetic gifts and for his personal beauty, he married Miss Milbanke, and drove her from him at the end of a single year, since she could not endure his fitful temper, the financial embarrassments which beset him, and the looseness of his living.

Byron's friend and fellow poet, Shelley, was equally unfitted for domestic life. He married a girl of sixteen years—Miss Harriet Westbrook—with whom for several years he lived, wandering in vagabond fashion through Ireland and England until he came of age. He treated his wife with coldness, and told her openly that he regarded marriage as a mere form which had no binding force; and so a little later he eloped with Mary Godwin, and his wife, ere long, committed suicide by drowning.

The failure of Dickens' marriage is difficult to explain. He was married while quite young, at which time his face and form were such as to attract attention anywhere. For years he seemed to live happily enough, but there developed in him a colossal egotism. He began to pose as a *mari incompris*—the most fatuous of all possible poses.

Lord Byron, the poet, drove his wife from him at the end of a single year by his fitful temper and financial embarrassments.

The poet Milton married a charming young woman, but he took her to such a dismal, austere home-life that at one time she left him. She ultimately returned, to drag out a tedious existence.

He had nothing against his wife, who was devoted to him, except that she could not understand him. He became intensely restless, wandering from place to place, and writing letters to his friends, in which he spoke of Mrs. Dickens as "poor Katy," and intimating that, for no reason at all, they could not get along together.

At last they separated, and Dickens made a public scandal of it by publishing a long and rambling statement of it in the press.

Bulwer Lytton was a dandy of genius, consorting with the Count d'Orsay and Disraeli in the days when they astonished London by their airs and graces, and by the gorgeousness of their waistcoats.

Lytton's marriage with Miss Rosina Wheeler was not a happy one; and undoubtedly much of the blame rests upon her, for she was extravagant and unreasonable in many ways. Yet nothing could excuse the almost insane ferocity with which he treated her, if we may believe her story. The scenes that were enacted between them, even in the presence of the servants, were almost incredible. He would shriek at her and curse her, and on one occasion he even attacked her

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Shelley, Byron's brother poet, married his first wife when she was sixteen, and lived with her for several years. He became cold to her, and eloped with Mary Godwin, whereupon his first wife committed suicide

like a savage or a wild beast, actually sinking his teeth in her cheek.

Some of the great names in Continental literature recall stories of domestic infelicity no less illustrative of the defects of handsome husbands. The two greatest representatives of German literature, Goethe and Schiller, may be cited briefly. Goethe was as remarkable for his personal appearance as for his genius, and his loves were as numerous as his masterpieces.

Wherever he went he found, as he used to write, "new maidens" with whom he flirted, and then passed on to still others, all of whom he wove into his verse or prose, thus giving them a sure but not very creditable immortality.

In 1806 he married a young woman, Christiane Vulpius, with whom he lived until her death ten years later. His other attachments, however, went on unchecked, especially the famous one with Bettine von Arnim-Brentano. At that time morals in Germany were in a somewhat unsettled state; and of this particular connection one of Goethe's biographers naively says: "Bettine could not endure Christiane."

Schiller, who married Charlotte von Lengenfeld, had for her, undoubtedly, a romantic attachment. The unhappiness which he brought her came, not from lack of loyalty, but from his strange indifference to financial obligations, which made life almost unendurable, so that he had to accept gifts from women in order to relieve their pressure on him.

Victor Hugo is probably the most striking instance of colossal egotism to be found among great men of letters. He believed himself to be so far above the ordinary laws of life as to disregard them altogether; and, as might have been expected, his domestic relations were peculiar, to say the least.

Among musicians, handsome men have almost invariably failed as husbands, sometimes from one cause and sometimes from another. Mozart, who married Constance Weber, made an unhappy marriage, though not through lack of deep affection. It was, from the point of sentiment, a beautiful union.

To Constance, the great composer wrote letters which are extraordinary in the history of amatory correspondence. Whole pages are filled with nothing but affectionate adjectives and pet words. In one letter he says: "I send you 1,095,060,437,082 kisses."

Goethe, the German poet, married Christiane Vulpius, and lived with her till her death ten years later, but they were not very happy together.

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But Mozart never should have married, because of his thriftlessness and incompetence as a money-gainer. He was often in actual want, and six months after marriage his wife, whose health was delicate, began that career of need and destitution which continued to the end.

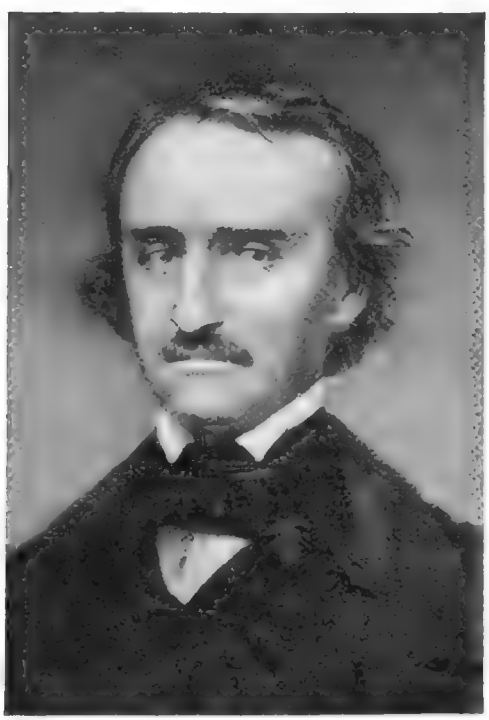
Rossini represents the other extreme. His success was as overwhelming as Mozart's was tenuous. Managers beset him for new musical compositions, but he would often waive them away, refusing hundreds of thousands of francs because already he had made so much.

Rossini was witty, sumptuous, and full of the joy of life. His musical gifts he valued least of all. He invented a new salad-dressing which, as he declared, was a greater glory than to have composed the finest opera. Once he said:

"I would rather be a sausage-maker than a composer."

"Life," said he, "is a comic opera, the four acts of which are made up of eating, loving, singing, and digesting. The stomach is the conductor who directs the great orchestra of our passions"

Mozart, the celebrated composer, made an unhappy marriage, though not through lack of affection for his wife.



Edgar Allan Poe, the great American writer, made a most unhappy marriage. He married his cousin because of her infatuation for him, though he had merely a cousinly affect o for her.

He fully lived up to his belief, and his marriage with the then celebrated singer, Isabelle Colbran, ended as might have been expected.

One of the saddest of marriages was that of Edgar Allan Poe. Poe was a beautiful boy, warm-hearted and affectionate, yet of a nature so sensitive that the slightest unfavourable influence drove him wild. His romantic face and his dark, melancholy eyes inspired his cousin, Virginia Clemm, with an intense infatuation for him. She was only fifteen years of age, and Poe cared nothing for her save in a purely cousinly way.

Nevertheless, because she loved him, he married her at that very early age

Poe's affection for her was sincere, but it was not the affection of a husband; and his erratic after-life, his fierce quarrels with all who could give him help, the frenzies to which he was driven by a very moderate indulgence in strong drink, and his impracticable character made his home life that of a pauper.

Again and again public subscriptions had to be taken up to relieve his wants; and this great genius finally witnessed the death of the young girl whom he had married only to make unhappy.

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Real Life Romances.

The Editor is Pleased to Buy True Real Life Romances Five Hundred Words Long.

The Consolation at the Well.

AN ITALIAN LOVE ROMANCE.

EVEN a millionaire must at times find that there are some things beyond the power of wealth to buy. Miles Roberts first made this discovery some five years ago. Then it was that, having inherited wealth, he left his native Boston and set sail for the home of his ancestors, the little town of Bala, in Merionethshire. He met a little Welsh girl with coal-black eyes, and a big sun-bonnet; he wooed and all but won her. But her mother ended all his hopes by declaring that her little daughter could not become the wife of a stranger; and, with the world all grey and miserable, Miles Roberts left for sunny Italy.

Her eyes were black, and she stood by a fountain in a mean street in Rome.

Once away from the Welsh hills, Miles Roberts sought to banish the vision of the girl in the sun-bonnet. He spent hours wandering through picture galleries, or down in fusty, out-of-the-way dealers' shops bargaining for old paintings. It was while thus engaged in his favourite pursuit that Dame Fortune threw the consolation in his way. It took the form of a maiden; and, strangely, of a maiden very like the one he remembered in the mountains of Merionethshire. She wore no sun-bonnet, but her eyes were black, and she stood by a fountain in a mean street in Rome.

It was almost with surprise that the young millionaire discovered that he was standing beside the girl and talking to her as if he had known her for weeks. And, strangely, he felt that he must have done, so like was she to the mountain maid.

Her name, she told him, was Gina Pietra, and her father was an artist.

"Then I must see him," returned the young millionaire, "for I am very fond of pictures, and buy a great many."

So together they left the fountain, and the girl led him to a humble little house, upstairs to a humble little room, where an old man sat, palette in hand, before a canvas.

That evening the young millionaire sat in the smoking-room of his hotel. The vision of the girl in the sun-bonnet seemed to have sailed far away, and now he could only think of a sparkling fountain, and of a beautiful girl drawing water beside it. So the days went on, and each day the young millionaire wended his way to the humble little house in the mean street.

And soon he talked to the girl of his love for her, and to the old man of his wish that she should one day become his wife. But first he told her she must learn many things, for the wife of a rich man must be educated as well as beautiful, and little Gina was sent to be taught in Paris, until one day, not many months gone by, the daughter of the poor Italian artist became the wife of the rich American millionaire.

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Through the Fire.

THE ROMANCE OF A NARROW ESCAPE.

NEVER, perhaps, has a man had a narrower escape from a fearful death than Robert William Perry, a Manchester workman.

Work was scarce in Manchester, so William Perry concluded from his inability to find employment. Whether it was more prevalent elsewhere the man resolved to discover, and so on a certain warm evening in August he trudged along towards Apsdale. Darkness had fallen, and William Perry began to cast around him for a convenient place in which to pass the night.

Presently he approached what even in the darkness he could see was an iron-works. He entered the premises, hoping to find shelter in some shed.

Wandering from one place to another, past huge piles of iron and coke, the man came to a large furnace. A pleasant warmth, which even on an August night is acceptable to one scantily clad, assailed him. He drew near and peered into the dark entrance.

A blackened, fearful-looking human form leapt out.

The fires had evidently died down some hours past. Perhaps it was curiosity to discover what the interior of a large melting furnace was like (for such was the structure that the man stood before), or perhaps it was the comforting warmth, that caused him to strike a match and climb through the bars into the furnace.

Passing over the pile of ashes, Perry came to a low wall. The dim light of the matches revealed a cup-shaped chamber, and stepping over the low wall that divided it from the furnace, he stretched himself on the floor, and soon, induced no doubt by the warmth, fell sound asleep, little thinking that what that night was providing him with a bed was in reality the melting-pot of one of the largest furnaces in the works.

* * * * *

A party of workmen were busily engaged around the furnace. It was six o'clock in the morning, and now the works were alive with men. The bars before the furnace had been fixed in their place, and already the fire was blazing.

Suddenly a strange sound fell on the men's ears. Another followed, this time a piercing shriek. The workmen fell back, pale and terrified. Was the furnace haunted? There seemed little doubt but that the cries came from within. Yet, no; they were human. Words—plain, heartrending cries for help—came with a horrible clearness through the bars. Was someone in the furnace? Then a strange scene followed. With a suddenness that caused the men almost to take flight in terror, the charging-door of the furnace was flung open, and a blackened, fearful-looking human form leapt out before them.

* * *

That evening, bandaged, and lying in a bed at the workhouse infirmary at Chell, William Perry was able to tell of the terrible awakening in the furnace; how, from the increasing heat of the place, he realised that the fire had been lighted; how, almost mad with horror at the sight of the roaring flames which met his eyes as he looked over the low wall of the melting-pot, he had still retained sufficient presence of mind to know that escape lay only across the fast reddening coals; and how he had dashed through the flames, and succeeded in opening the charging-door and escaping the terrible death of being roasted alive.

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A Modest Heroine.

THE ROMANCE OF A LITTLE GIRL'S BRAVE ACTION.

ONE evening last autumn a little girl named Lily Ripton, of Colchester, was walking along a lane not far from ner home. The weather was chilly, and inclined to be wet, but Lily was deep in the thoughts that interest little girls of thirteen, and loitered slowly along. All of a sudden she heard a splash not far away, and a queer gurgling sound that seemed to come from the corner of a field that reached the road a few yards in front of her.

In this corner, as Lily knew, was a deep pond which her parents had strictly forbidden her to approach. There was no one in sight, but again came the splashing and gurgling sounds; so scrambling through the hedge, she ran down the side of the pond and saw the scummy water all disturbed at one end, and a boy's head appear above the surface. Frightened, and scarcely knowing what to do, she hurried to the slimy brink.

She waded in deeper and deeper.

The boy saw her, and uttered a choked cry for help, and cold though the water was, and slippery the mud, she waded in deeper and deeper, and though scarcely able to keep her footing, when she was waist-deep stretched out her little hand as far as she could. The boy seized it, and though in his fright he nearly pulled her under, she struggled bravely back, and with much panting and gasping managed to reach the bank, pulling him along with her.

Once more on dry land, the boy did not stop to thank her, but ran off crying lustily in the direction of his home. Lily, too, turned her dripping footsteps homeward, and if she was also crying a little, her tears were simply on account of her wet and muddy clothes. What *would* her mother say! She had broken her word; she had gone to the forbidden pond and got wet through into the bargain. At the back of their house was a shed where her father kept his tools, and here Lily cautiously took off her wet things and hid them in a corner, and crept upstairs to bed without mentioning what had happened.

She was a nervous child, and remembering her parents' instructions never to go near the pond, she was terrified when she thought of the possible consequences of her disobedience. It never occurred to her for a moment that she had done anything at all praiseworthy or heroic. Her sole aim was to keep the whole matter as quiet as possible.

Next morning, however, her parents were astonished to have a visit from the grateful mother of the boy who was drowning in the pond, and were at a loss to understand her when she exclaimed that Lily had saved his life. Lily was sent for, and, instead of being pleased, as most people are, at having been caught in doing a fine action, she showed signs of embarrassment and distress. Finding concealment no longer possible, she was obliged to confess, and pointed out her wet clothes in the shed, with many expressions of sorrow. Her surprise and delight may be imagined when, instead of being scolded and punished, she was petted and kissed and made much of by everybody.

An account of what she had done got into the papers, and not only was she looked upon as a heroine in the surrounding district, but she also received a diploma and an enamelled cross from a Society that rewards brave actions, as a public acknowledgment of her modesty and her valour

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A Man of Hate

The Story of an Unpleasant Visit.

By C. Randolph-Lichfield.

It was just past eight when my fountain-pen ran dry. A small matter, you may say, seeing that there were half-a-dozen ordinary pens in the tray on the desk at which I was working, and an ink-pot stood within easy reach of my hand; but it broke the continuity of my thoughts, and gave me pause to consider how dog-tired I was mentally and sick of the work in hand. And I dashed my pen down on an impulse of nervous excitement, and, pushing back my chair, rose with such an exclamation as I was glad there was no one in the office to hear.

Quite as suddenly, of course, I recovered my senses, and then I naturally felt ashamed of my weakness and irritability, and sought to excuse myself with the reflection that on four consecutive evenings I had stuck to my desk, long after my staff had left, wrestling with the intricate details of a subject so dry that all its points seem to crumble up in my mind every time I paused to survey it generally.

However, I had determined to complete the task that night or die of neurasthenia in the attempt; and, squaring my shoulders manfully, I sat down again at my desk.

Just then, out of the silence which seemed to hang like a fog in the great pile of offices, on the fourth floor of which my rooms were situated, a sharp, metallic note leapt startlingly from behind me. It was the telephone.

I fear I rapped out an oath before I realised it could only be my wife who had rung me up at the office at such a late hour; and, jumping up, I went to the instrument on the wall behind my desk.

"When might you be returning to the bosom of your family, Barry Acherson?" inquired Gwynne's voice, with mock severity.

I explained the situation to her deprecatingly, and told her that I hoped to be home within an hour and a half.

"Do try," she begged. "By the way, there's been a man here to see you—came about an hour or two ago. He wanted to see you privately, and declined to leave his name. I sent him a message to the effect that if it were a matter of business he'd better make an appointment with you at the office, as you never attended to business matters at home. Was that right?"

"Yes—quite right."

"He asked for your city address, which I gave him."

"All right. I'll be home by nine-thirty, if all's well."

"*Au revoir*, then,"

"*Au revoir*, Gwynne."

As I laid the receiver on the rest, and turned, the door opened, and a man entered the room hurriedly. We both paused for a moment, and stood regarding each other.

He was a big, fleshy man of about my own age, wearing a rather shabby serge suit and

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hard felt hat. There was an odd look in his eyes and a set expression about his mouth which struck me queerly the moment I saw him. He regarded me penetratingly, with a look of dull wonder, and nervously brushed his left sleeve with his right hand, as if to disguise his embarrassment.

"Mr. Acherson?" he said, in a tone of accusation rather than interrogation, I thought.

"Yes," I replied, crossing to my chair.

"I called at your house, and they sent me on here," he remarked slowly, closing the door behind him.

"I don't think they meant to suggest you should call upon me to-night, as they know I am detained by excessive pressure of business," I returned. "Can you come again to-morrow?"

"I am here now," he said with a strange smile, and came towards me slowly.

"I see you are," I snapped, "but I'm busy. However, perhaps you can explain what you want with me in a few words."

"In two words," he replied pointedly; "Robert Benton."

I sat looking up at him tentatively.

"Robert Benton," he repeated, standing a pace away from my side, with his head drooping, his hands thrust into the pockets of his jacket, and staring into my eyes aggressively.

"And who the blazes may he be?" I demanded impatiently.

"Never heard the name, Mr. Acherson, eh?" he inquired satirically, dropping into the chair at the side of my desk.

"What is it you want?" I asked desperately.

"Where is my wife?" he inquired softly.

"Your——?" I gasped in amazement.

"Where is my wife?" he repeated hoarsely, his strange eyes dilating.

"My dear fellow," I said soothingly, realising in a flash that I had a lunatic to deal with, "it is quite out of my line to take up an inquiry of this kind, but if you will leave me your name and address, I'll see what can be done and will communicate with you."

"Never mind where she is," he responded, with a wave of his hand; "I've done with her, and have come to reckon with you. Doubtless you are wondering how I tracked you down in so short a time. But I had planned it all carefully, so that I knew exactly what steps to take the moment I was free."

"How did you get out?" I asked impulsively.

"Never mind how I got out," he returned sourly, with another wave of his hand. "I am here. I hunted up your name in the directory; I called at your house, and they sent me on here."

"Let's go out and have a drink!" I exclaimed heartily, jumping up. I was not inclined to continue this *tête-à-tête* with a lunatic who clearly imagined he had an old score to wipe out.

"No, you don't!" he cried, springing to his feet and threatening me with a revolver. "You don't escape me now, by Heaven!—after throwing me into a madhouse in order to rob me of my wife, you don't escape me now, Benjamin Acherson!"

I relapsed into my chair weakly, scared by his deadly weapon and menacing manner. I am not usually lacking in personal courage, but my situation seemed desperate. If my mad visitor intended to murder me, which seemed probable, there was little to deter him. I was alone with him on the fourth floor of the big building.

"Sit down," I said hoarsely, trying to speak firmly. "You are labouring under a misapprehension as to my identity; my name is not Benjamin but Barry. Perhaps it is my cousin, whose name is Benjamin, who has treated you in the scandalous way you most justifiably resent, though I should hardly have thought it of him, bad as he is. Cousin or no cousin, he deserves shooting out of hand if he's guilty. Sit down and tell me all about it, and I may help you to find him."

"You think," he said, dropping into his chair and handling his revolver with embarrassing recklessness, "that because I have been nine months in the sanatorium, I'm seven sorts of a fool, and can be won over by your childish prattle! First you try to draw me out into a public place, with drink as a bait. Then you seek to plant a cousin on me, in the hope that I shall rush off foaming at the mouth on a wild-goose chase. But I'm not mad, nor dotty, nor foolish, Benjamin Acherson. It is not madness you see in my eyes, but the lust of hate—that hate which is so deep and intense that makes me delight in parleying with you instead of shooting you down like the rabid dog you are—keeping you in a sweat of anxiety for your life, for you have, of course, sufficient common-sense to perceive there is no escape for you, and——"

"Hold a minute!" I interposed, seeing he was working himself up into a state of passion which boded ill for me. "Will you pause just to consider whether I am or am not Benjamin Acherson? A man of your mental attainments—one who deeply resents

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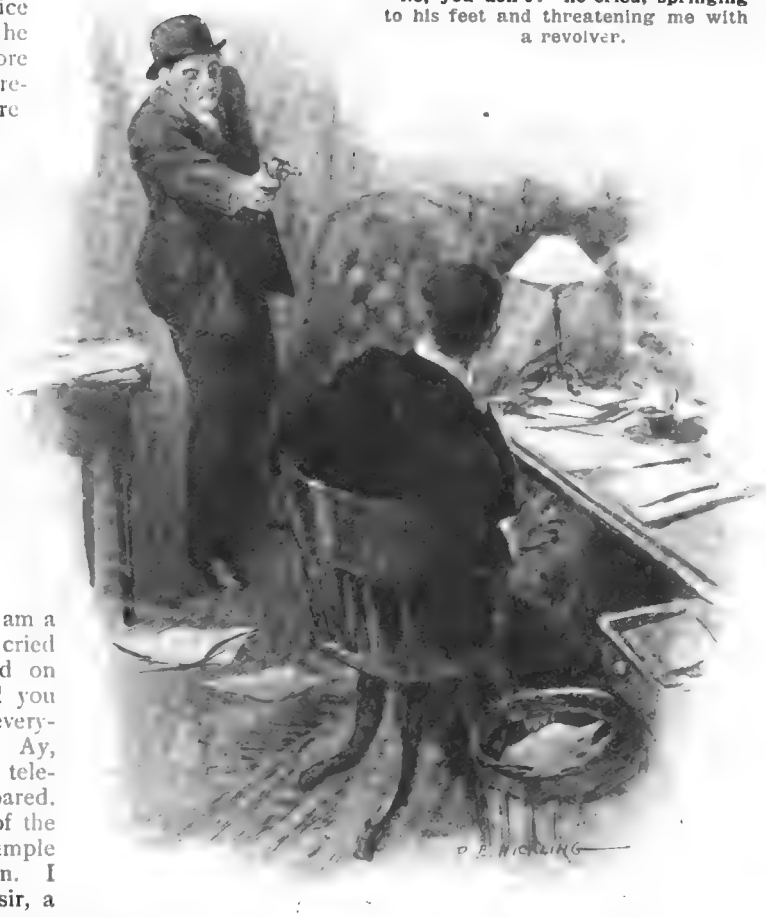
a gross injustice done him—will surely hesitate a moment before committing such an injustice as to shoot a man he has never seen before on an absolute misapprehension. You want revenge, and I in turn demand justice. I can convince you beyond the shadow of doubt that I am not Benjamin Acherson. I will ring up my wife, and when I've got her you shall ask her what my name is."

He jumped up and, pushing me aside, ran to the telephone. Before I could recover from my surprise, he had cut the wire with a pair of pliers.

"You still think I am a fool, do you?" he cried angrily, turning round on me fiercely. "I told you I had thought of everything — everything! Ay, and I thought of telephones and was prepared. Disabuse your mind of the idea that I'm a simple child, friend Benjamin. I am a man of hate, sir, a man of hate, and you are in my hands. I am a man of hate!" he repeated in a hollow tone, smiling savagely, as if he liked the phrase.



"No, you don't!" he cried, springing to his feet and threatening me with a revolver.

"You're certainly a man of the most unreasonable suspicions," I rapped out, deeply chagrined and much alarmed by the failure of my attempt to summon the police. "You suspect me even when I seek to convince you that I am not the man against——"

"There are other means you might try!" he cried, waving his arm towards the safe near the window. "Surely you have papers there bearing your name?"

I snatched at the idea; not that I quite expected to dissipate a madman's wild delusions by such means, even if he should find my name set out fully, as I was not sure he would, but because the safe was at the end of the room farthest from the door and I hoped that I might make my escape if I allowed him to search among the papers in the safe. So I unbuttoned my keys and tossed them upon the desk.

"There you are," I said nonchalantly. "Convince yourself."

"I think you are very rude," he exclaimed sharply, as he stepped forward and took up the keys. "A well-mannered man would have handed them to me with a polite remark—not, 'There you are! Convince yourself.' You should, indeed, open the safe for me, seeing how far it is from the door and that I may not be able to manipulate it and keep an eye on you meanwhile. Remember, I am doing this to please you—sort of dying man's last request."

"I will open it with pleasure," I said rather tamely.

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"No," he said angrily, "it doesn't matter. This is the key?"

I nodded silently, and he stepped back to the door, locked it, and slipped the key into his pocket.

I had feared he would do that. Now my only means of escape was through the door communicating with the clerks' room, thence out into the passage.

I stood at my desk watching him as he crossed slowly over to the safe. He hesitated slightly as he passed the communicating door as if considering whether he should lock that also. Then he went on seemingly satisfied in his mind that the door offered me no chance of escape while he was engaged at the safe, which was only two paces away.

I tried to remember what papers there might be in the safe bearing my name in full. "B. Acherson & Co." was how I styled myself in business, but I kept other things than business papers in the safe. My pass-book was at the bank, or that might have satisfied him; there were various securities which might bear my whole name, but whether they did I could not quite remember. In any case it seemed doubtful whether he would accept such proof as proof; his manner denoted that he regarded me as being beyond a doubt the man on whom he had determined to wreak his vengeance. But my mind was whirling out thoughts in confusion, and to reason with myself was difficult.

He stopped before the safe and laid his revolver on the top.

"It is rather intricate, that lock," I remarked casually, and took a step towards him.

"I daresay it is," he returned drily, and picked up the revolver quickly. "But you needn't come any closer; I can manage."

I stopped, but he did not lay the weapon down again.

I drew a chair towards me with a vague sort of an idea that I might fell him with it as he bent his head or turned away to look into the safe. But a heavy office-chair is a poor sort of weapon to match against a revolver, and he watched me narrowly out of the tail of his eye.

Suddenly an idea occurred to me, and as he swung open the heavy door of the safe, I took the risk of moving forward swiftly.

"There's a blue paper on the top shelf——" I began, and throwing out my left arm, I switched off the light, throwing the room into utter darkness. The next instant I flung open the door communicating with the clerks' room and dashed in there.

With an inarticulate cry, as much like a burst of laughter as an oath, he rushed after me, and I felt his outstretched hand brush my shoulder as I plunged across the room. But coming in contact with a corner of a desk, which by my knowledge I had been able to avoid, checked him; and as I stopped and pressed myself into a small alcove I heard him pausing and groping over the desk, apparently trying to ascertain the position of the furniture in relation to himself.

I waited breathlessly, straining my ears to catch the slightest sound which might indicate his movements, for until he approached the windows I dared not make for the door into the passage, as without the clerks' desks between us he could be on me in an instant on hearing the click of the latch.

Perhaps a minute passed—perhaps it was an hour—during which neither of us moved. No doubt we both were searching the darkness with intense gaze to catch a dim suggestion of the other's form. Probably it was only a minute, but the nervous strain of it was so horrible, I was forced against my own judgment to shift my feet. And I heard my boots creak.

Breaking out into a cloud of cold sweat—to die so needlessly was an awful prospect!—I checked my movements and waited again, wondering if I had betrayed my whereabouts to him. Still he did not move. . . .

Leaning back against the wall, I cautiously unbuttoned and removed my boots, and placed them on the floor noiselessly.

Whether the effort of concentrating all my faculties to detect any sound of my own creating dulled my senses to his, or whether he was approaching me silently as a shadow, I cannot guess; but as I straightened myself after putting down my boots, I saw his head and shoulders and an outstretched arm silhouetted by the dark night-sky as he passed between me and one of the windows.

This was my opportunity!

Stealthily I crept away towards the door giving to the passage—noiselessly in my stockinged feet, step by step, almost fancying, in my fear to hurry and my eagerness to be gone, the finger-tips of his groping hands were touching me, and I could feel his slow breath on the nape of my neck.

I heard him stumble against something just as I touched the handle of the door. I glanced back over my shoulder swiftly and saw him again silhouetted as he stood between me and another window. Then, abandoning caution and stealth, I gripped the handle, flung open the door, and rushed out into

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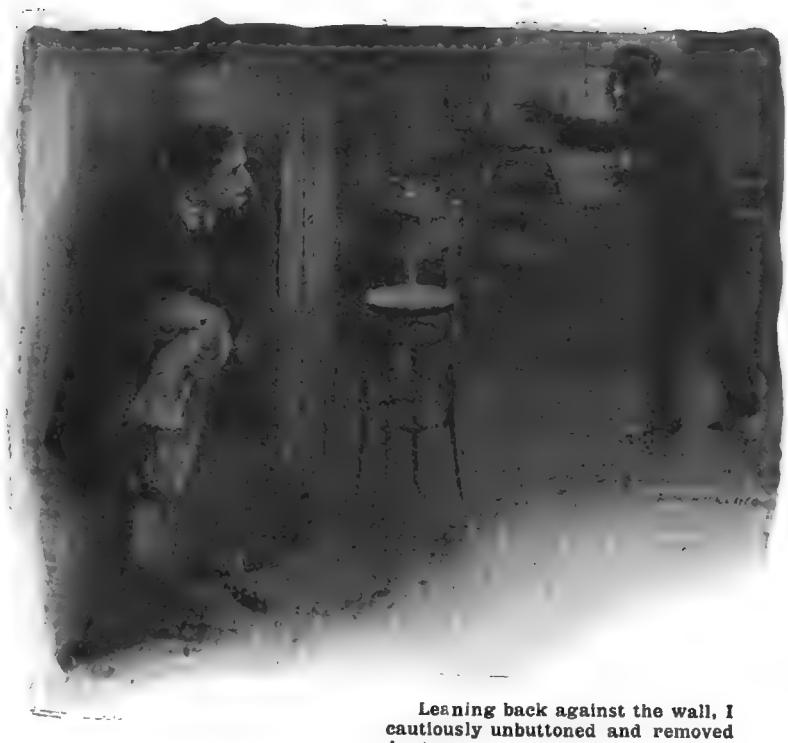
the dimly-lighted passage towards the staircase.

On the ground-floor I found the night-porter standing at the open hall door talking with a constable.

Pulling myself together, I told them what had happened in the fewest words necessary.

The constable blew his whistle, and drew his truncheon. In a few seconds a sergeant and another constable joined us, and the five of us hurried up to the fourth floor. The light still shone out into the passage through the glass of my office door.



Leaning back against the wall, I cautiously unbuttoned and removed my boots.

"Now," said the sergeant to the night-porter and one of his men, "you stand there, at the head of the stairs, and if he slips us, and tries to pass you, trip him up. Come along, sir," he added to me, and led the way.

"This door," I whispered, stopping outside the clerks' room; "that's locked inside."

We hurried in, and as the second constable closed the door I switched on the light. The madman was not there, and we hastened into my room. But he was not there either.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the sergeant, his quick glance lighting on the open safe.

"That's all right," I returned. "That was open."

"Well, he's gone, and he certainly didn't pass us on the stairs!"

"Hiding on this landing, p'r'aps," suggested the constable.

"**Must be,**" said the sergeant crisply. "Sure he's **stolen nothing?**"

The question stung me, **and I rushed to** the safe and pulled out the lower drawer.

"Yes!" I gasped. "Yes! Come! Lady —a lady's jewels! Worth about twelve thousand pounds; left with me as security for a loan."

"Method in his madness, I reckon," snarled the sergeant contemptuously. "Guess it was his method of pulling off a big game single-handed."

I followed close at his heels as he ran out into the passage.

"Seen him?" he cried to the men guarding the staircase.

No, they had seen nothing of him, and he was nowhere on the fourth floor. Obviously he had got down to the second or third floor and hidden there while we rushed up helter-skelter and left the road clear for him.

Almost beside myself with chagrin and horror at the serious loss I had sustained, I led the way to the ground floor; taking half-flights of stairs at a stride, and rushing heedlessly through the entrance hall to the door, I crashed heavily into a big form which turned back from the still closed door to meet me.

"All right, Benjamin; it's a fair cop, curse it!" he growled, shaking me off gently. "I'd thought of everything but that confounded door. All right, gov'nor," he added as the police rushed up. "**I'll go easy. But in** another minute I'd have had it open."

"Tat-ta, Benjamin," he said, waving his hand to me when he stepped out of the door to start a five years' tour of certain prisons. "I don't bear malice. I'm not really a man of hate."

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ENGINES IN FANCY DRESS

The G.W.R. engine that took Lord Roberts' train to London on his return from South Africa.

How Railway Men Decorate Locomotives Used on Great Occasions.

By A. R. Bell.

Photographs by The Locomotive Publishing Co. Ltd.

An ordinary train hardly strikes one as romantic. No doubt romance enough is to be found if one looks for it—in the work of the trainmen, or in the secrets of the passengers' hearts. But we look at business trains in a business-like way; they are things of utility. A special, however, stirs special feelings. There is something highly romantic about the idea of a rich man strolling into a station to find that he has missed his train, then coolly ordering out a special, regardless of expense. A Royal train inspires all kinds of loyal and romantic thoughts; country people gather in crowds at wayside stations merely to see it flashing past; and railwaymen delight in decorating the Royal train's engine, and in making it in every way worthy of its august service.

An engine, having once been used to draw a special train, acquires fame. The camera records its appearance on the great day, and though afterwards it is employed on ordinary mundane affairs, a halo of romance clings around it. Glancing over a collection of photographs of decorated specials, what recollections, sad or gay, crowd upon one! Here is a picture of the London, Brighton, and South-Coast Company's locomotive, "Empress," which drew the train conveying the body of the late Queen Victoria from Portsmouth to London on the morning of February 2nd, 1901. The trappings it wears express the mourning of the railwaymen who on so many happier occasions had served their Queen. Then here is the same engine as used exactly nine months later between the same points on the return of the Prince and Princess of Wales from their Empire tour; this time gaily decorated, smiling, as it were, its greeting to the home-comers.

Even a railway-engine can express sorrow or joy.

Here, again, are two photographs of Great Eastern engines, which commemorate two events curiously related. One is a picture of the valiant No. 284—long since broken up—which drew the King and Queen from London to Wolferton on their wedding-day; a gayer looking engine was never seen. The other shows No. 761, which drew the Prince and Princess of Wales between the same points on *their* wedding day, thirty years later, in 1893. Incidentally, the photographs have another interest, as showing the advance in locomotive construction made in three decades. The King and Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales would view these pictures with peculiar interest; for what is more romantic than the first stage of a honeymoon journey?

When the King and Queen paid a visit to Devonshire in 1902, their journey was

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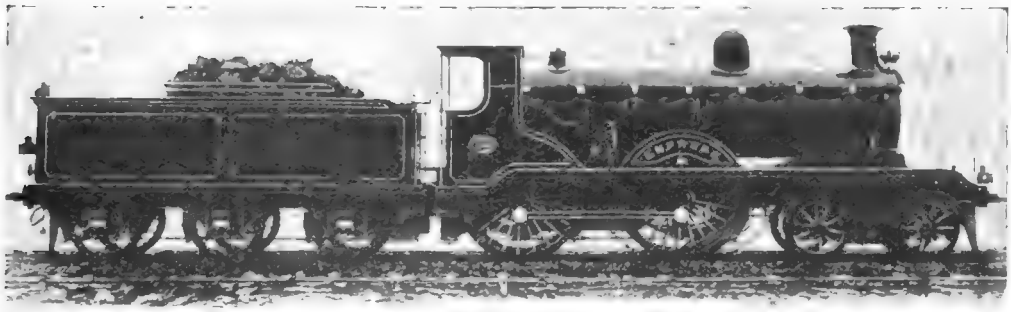


The L.B. & S.C.R. engine which drew the train conveying Queen Victoria's body from Portsmouth to London. Funeral hangings were draped on both sides of it out of resp ct for the dead Queen.

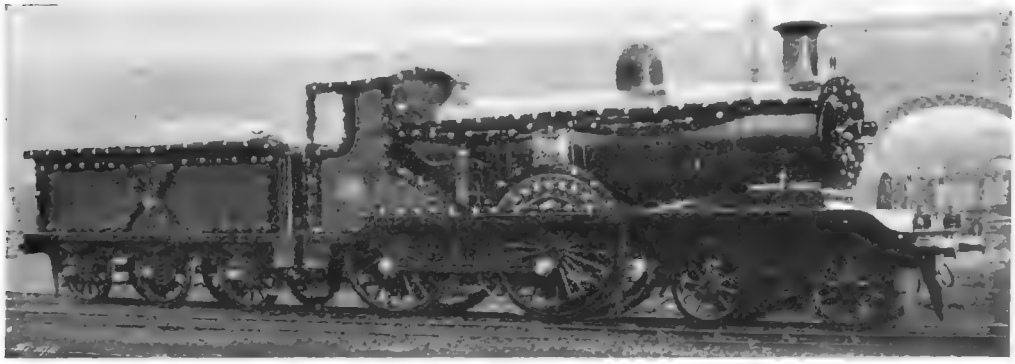
remarkable as the occasion of the longest runs ever made by Royal trains without intermediate stops. One run covered 228 miles, from Paddington to Kingswear (for Dartmouth); the other 247 miles, from Plymouth to Paddington. "Britannia" and "Royal Sovereign" were the names of the engines whose memory is perpetuated by these feats; they were splendidly decorated in honour of the event, and the camera permanently recorded the joyous figures they cut.

Railwaymen have an affection for trains that have done notable performances, or played a part in their own lives, as when they have assisted at the railwayman's wedding journey. The marriage of a driver or a fireman or a popular official, or the first trip over a new section of a line, or any other event auspicious to railway workers, is usually marked by decorated engines; the expense, as a rule, coming out of the pockets of those concerned.

But companies often decorate engines on occasions of public rejoicing. When Mr. Chamberlain went to South Africa, his special was drawn by a gloriously-adorned engine; while the engines blazed with colour that drew the late Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Roberts, and Lord Kitchener on the final stages of their home-coming journeys after the South African War.

Again, when parties of French sailors have been visiting London, the engines drawing their trains on the festive journeys have been lavishly decorated with Franco-British flags and emblems.

The working of a special train throws a new responsibility on every man engaged on the section of the line over which the train is to run, from the highest official to the lowliest ganger. The special instruction sheets issued are wonderful things, dealing as they do not only with the special, but with all the other trains on the lines at the time of the special's trip. The punctual starting of the train, its examination, the inspection of the permanent way, particularly of tunnels, bridges, or culverts; the timely suspension of all shunting and engineering work along the route, the care of crossings, police arrangements, the exclusion of the public from stations, the holding up of trains to insure a clear field for the special—all these matters call for



The same engine decorated to take the Prince and Princess of Wales to London after their return from their tour round the Empire on board the *Ophir*.

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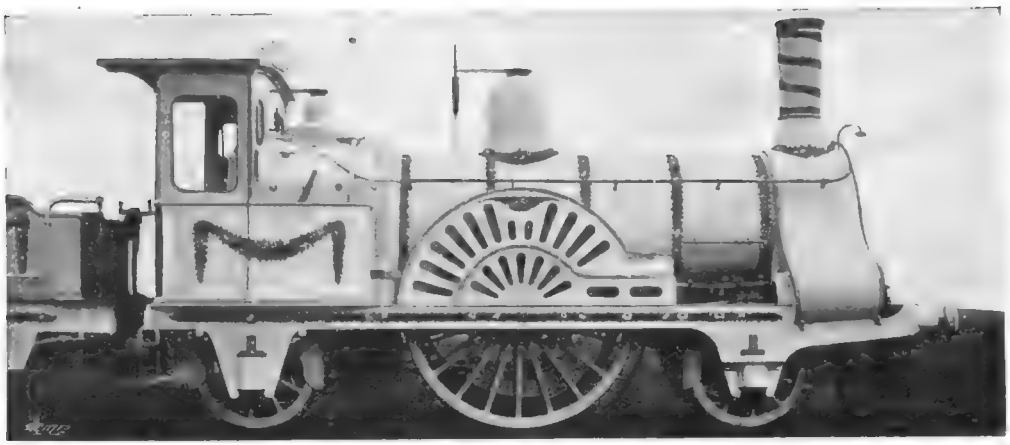


A contrast: The G.E.R. engine used on the honeymoon journey from London to Wolferton (for Sandringham) of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It was painted white, with floral decorations which were the work of Paris artists; and——

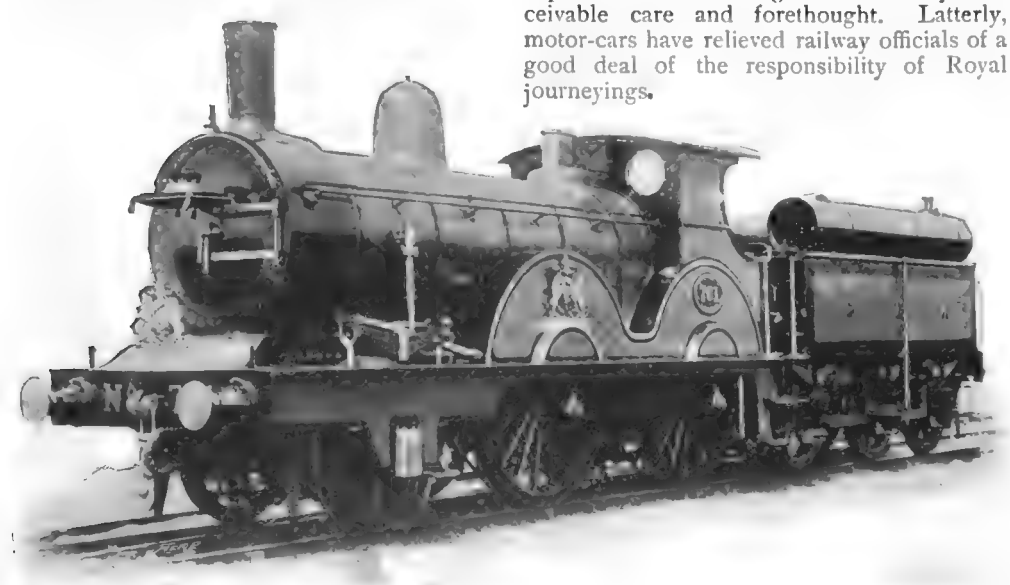
elaborate arrangements when Royalty is on the line.

"Getting out the running times" is the most puzzling task imaginable. The Royal train must be timed for departure and arrival in such a way as to disturb the ordinary traffic as little as possible. The times settled, and approved by the Court officials, the special time-sheet as affecting other trains is prepared. This is how the story runs:

The 1 p.m. train from A Station is to be started to the moment, and worked with all expedition. The 2 p.m. train from B Station is to be detained at C signal until the special passes it. The 3 p.m. train from D Station is to start half an-hour late. The 1.30 p.m. from E Station is to be shunted at F.

And so on, until every train that normally would be moving on the line between the time of the departure and arrival of the special has been accorded a new time-sheet.

As a rule, a Royal special consists of two or three Royal saloons, placed between a few ordinary carriages and brake vehicles for the use of the staff. Before the journey begins, engines and train are overhauled by experts from top to bottom, inside and out; so that if the Royal passengers do not have a safe trip it cannot be through want of every conceivable care and forethought. Latterly, motor-cars have relieved railway officials of a good deal of the responsibility of Royal journeyings.



——the G.E.R. engine which drew the present Prince and Princess of Wales from London to Wolferton on *their* wedding day.

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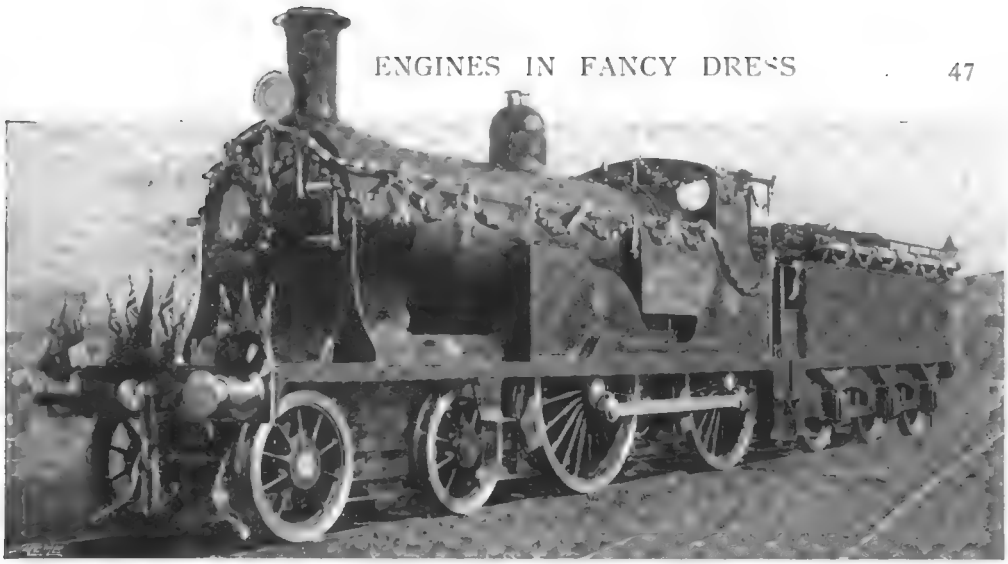

Mr. Chamberlain's special train from London when he started on his South African tour was drawn by this splendidly decorated L.S.W.R. engine.

It must be pleasant to travel as Royalty travels—in the very essence of luxury. True, an American millionaire may boast of a more gorgeous private car than King Edward—he may have his marble bathrooms, his library, his piano, and his business offices, replete with clerks and typewriters. But his journeys may extend over weeks, while the King's are journeys of a few hours in this country. And it is certain that no American private car runs as smoothly as an English Royal train.

To travel as the King does is to travel without worry. Arrangements are perfected days beforehand, and there is no anxiety about luggage. The Royal luggage has Royal luggage carriages and Royal luggage trains, so that it is inconceivable that it should be lost on the way.

Then, again, there is no bustle and confusion about arriving at the station. If you were the King you would drive up to a private door, and pass through into a private waiting-room. Here you may say good-bye to your friends in peace and comfort; and if you wish to talk for a few minutes after the nominal time of departure—why, the train will wait. On the platform you would be greeted very possibly by the chairman of the line, who might be a lord or a duke; and you would find the station-master entirely at your disposal.

The saloons of Royal trains have little or nothing in common with ordinary railway carriages—they are more like the drawing-rooms and smoke-rooms of palaces. They have electric heaters, and electric fans, and dust-proof ventilators, and beautiful carpets, and curtains, sofas, and writing-tables.

The G.W.R. engine "Kitchener," which brought Lord Kitchener from Basingstoke to Paddington on his return from South Africa. An L.S.W.R. train took him from Southampton to Basingstoke.

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A Hopeless Wish.

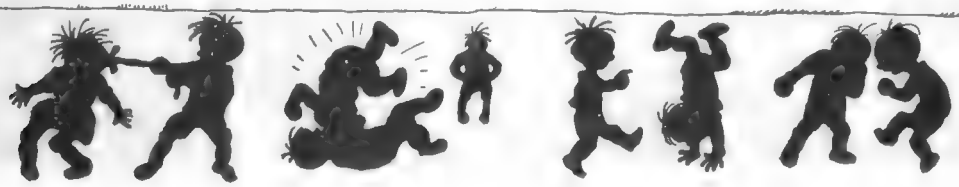
I wish, somehow, all little boys
Their own papas could be;
I think this plan would suit them all—
I know it would suit me;
For then, whate'er I had to do,
I'd do it in a trice;
For when our pa's were little boys,
They all were—oh! so nice.

Says pa, when he was young like me,
He never vexed his ma,
And never bothered her for sweets—
I'm not at all like pa.
When told 'twas time to go to bed,
He never said, "No; yet,"
And when 'twas time for him to rise,
He rose without regret.

He never voted girls a bore,
Or pulled his sister's hair;
Or grumbled when he found her dolls
Were filling every chair.
He never fought with other boys,
Or smacked his brother's head;
And never quarrelled in his play,
Like me and brother Ted.

The lessons he should learn at home,
He never left unread.
When half-a-day he might have had,
He went to school instead.
I reckon pa was just a saint,
Too good for earthly fame—
But, p'raps when I've got little boys,
I'll tell them just the same.

Herbert J. Brandon.



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"LIZERANN"

The Story of a Magnificent Piece of Strategy.

By E. Newton

By no stretch of imagination could Lizerann even be called "passable." Her features were so severely plain as to be almost farcical. Her costume was distinctly humorous, her dress being rusty black and ill-fitting, covered in places by a ragged print apron. Her scanty locks were surmounted by a dingy piece of cloth, which she proudly referred to as "me cap," or, when she was disposed to be facetious, as "me badge o' servitood."

It was at the beginning of my thirtieth year that I made Lizerann's acquaintance. Stress of fortune drove me to seek lodgings in Pimlico, and at a certain house I was taken in (in more ways than one) by Mrs. Baker and her lieutenant, Lizerann.

Often I used to wonder whether that extraordinary girl ever slept, as no matter what hour I was about, early morning or late at night, Lizerann was about also. She could not have been more than sixteen or seventeen years of age, yet she got through an amount of work which would have been too much for many a grown woman.

"Don't you ever get tired, Lizerann?" I asked her one day.

"Lor, Mr. Hingram," she replied gravely. My name is James Ingram. "Lor, Mr. Hingram, me trotters do get a bit weighty at times, but I takes awf me shoes and rubs 'em"—her feet she meant—"an' they're all right—in no time. You try it on yourself, Mr. Hingram."

I went to that Pimlico boarding-house because I was almost at the end of my resources. My mother I never knew, but my father and I lived together until I was twenty-nine years of age. We lived in Oxfordshire, and I was educated at Eton and Oxford. From all appearances my father was a very wealthy man. He gave me a handsome allowance, but did not put me to any profession.

Then my father died suddenly, consequent on a disastrous wreck of his fortunes, and all the money I had in the world consisted of about five hundred pounds. Just previous to my father's death I had become engaged to Miss Agnes Cheriton, the daughter of a neighbour. When I was thrown on my beam ends, I publicly broke off the engagement, though Agnes and I privately considered ourselves bound to each other. I was to go out into the world and make a position, and then we would be married.

Well, I came to London, and stayed with Jack Ordish, my best chum. He insisted on my "digging" with him, as he put it, my share

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to be paid when I had made my position. He was a mining engineer, and was interested in exploiting unknown localities with a view to their yielding precious metals and stones.

"Jim, old chap," Jack Ordish began one day in strangely excited tones, "are you willing to take a great risk?"

Then, without waiting for me to reply, he began to tell me of a company who owned a large tract of land in Nigeria, and stated that it was in a very shaky condition.

"They've slumped through sheer mismanagement and lack of push," he said, "and I believe I can acquire their rights and holdings for a mere song. I am convinced that there is plenty of gold on the land if they look for it, and I am going to buy them up and go out myself.

"Now, see here," he said, "the pound shares can be bought on the market for two shillings each, and if you care to risk it and invest some money I'll guarantee that you will live to bless the moment when you bought."

Jack discoursed at length on the great though sporting chance, and in the end I boldly invested three hundred pounds, and received in return a certificate for three thousand shares.

This left me exactly eighty pounds, and then Jack Ordish sailed for Nigeria, and I was left to look out for myself. So I came to Pimlico to wait to see which way the cat was going to jump.

My eighty pounds quickly began to diminish, and I tried to augment my resources by writing. But the editors did not take kindly to my script, and the long envelopes came back to me with a monotonous regularity.

In truth I had little to cheer me in those days except letters from Agnes and the friendship of Lizerann. I remember one occasion when I had a bad cold, and at times my cough was somewhat distressing.

"'Ere's somethin' for yer cawf, Mr. Hingram," Lizerann remarked one day, thrusting into my hand a tin box containing some dubious-looking articles, like pieces of toffee, which emitted a pungent odour.

To please her I swallowed one in her presence, and she gave a sniff of satisfaction.

"Now you'll be right in two shakes of a puppy dog's tail," she assured me gravely.

The nauseous objects were consumed daily (by the fire), Lizerann regarding me professionally at every available opportunity. Fortunately my cold grew better in the ordinary course, but Lizerann put the improvement down to the "somethin' for yer cawf."

"'Ere's one o' yer pills wot's got to be took dily," was her customary remark, when she trudged upstairs with one of those confounded long envelopes

She took a keen interest in my correspondence and speedily learnt to distinguish Agnes' letters. These she would hand to me with a coy smile and a profound sigh.

"I reckon it's a knock out to be in love, ain't it, Mr. Ingram?" she asked one day.

"It is very nice," I responded, adding: "Haven't you a partiality for some admirer?"

"I *don't* think," she replied contemptuously. "Only one bloke ever come 'ankin' arter me; 'e was the butcher's boy, but I give 'im such a talkin' to wot cured 'im in no time.

"No, I don't want none o' that, it ain't good for us," went on this under-stairs philosopher. "Leastways," she added, "if you can believe the noosepapers."

Soon I began to realise that unless something quickly turned up to my advantage I must sell the shares I held. I did not want to do that, because I tried to be as sanguine as Jack Ordish was. Already I had been served with a writ for a debt, and I was under orders to appear at a certain court on a certain date.

Then one joyful day brought me a letter from Jack. It ran as follows:

DEAR OLD CHUM,

I've struck gold in cartloads. Hang on to those shares as you would to your life's blood, but don't let a soul know my news. In three weeks time you must almost live round about the Stock Exchange until you get a wire, which I will send to my office. On receipt of this, if I wire "Buy," acquire as quickly and cheaply as you can all outstanding shares that you can obtain from the brokers.

The rest of his letter has no connection with this narrative, so I will refrain from detailing it.

The days seemed to pass so very slowly until the time arrived for me to go to wait for Jack's cable. Then it was that I realised that unless the wire came within the first week I could not obey the summons to appear at court unless I were arrested and dragged there.

The days passed by, and the day when I should have appeared in court I spent in the vicinity of the Exchange. I sneaked in to my rooms that night fearful lest a policeman should be waiting for me. But my fears were groundless, for that night, at any rate. It was the morrow I dreaded, for it was absolutely necessary that I should be in the City.

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I had no means of paying the debt. My money had all vanished, except about fifteen shillings, and I had nothing left to pawn. I had already taken Lizerann into my confidence, and she told me a great deal about writs and the methods of their servers, having gleaned considerable experience during her career as a lodging-house drudge.

"When they comes for you this time, it's to take you to choky," she informed me gravely. "Like as not they'll be arter you to-morrow."

"But they mustn't get me, Lizerann," I said. "I must be in the City. Perhaps to-morrow I shall be rich enough to pay the debt a thousand times over."

"Garn, y're kiddin'; I've 'eard them tales afore," she remarked.

"It's the truth this time, Lizerann," I said, adding desperately: "And you've got to help me."

"I'll watch it, Mr. Hingram, if I get's 'alf a chanst," Lizerann replied. "But p'r'aps I might be up top or down in the cellar."

"Only one bloke ever come 'ankin 'arter me; 'e was the butcher's boy."

I did not sleep very well that night, fears of the morrow keeping me awake. However, I arose early and was partially dressed when I heard a sudden subdued knocking at my door.

"Who's there?" I inquired anxiously.

"It's me," answered Lizerann, "an' there's a bloke wants you downstairs."

I collapsed on to the bed. Then I heard Lizerann's voice again.

"Keep yer ears open, I'm goin' in yer other room. I'll do 'im yet."

I heard the sound of a man's footsteps come up the stairs and enter my sitting-room.

"'Ullo, sorcy!" cried Lizerann, "'Oo are you an' wot d'yer mean by comin' into a privit room?"

"I want Mr. James Ingram," said the man.

"Do yer? You look as though you wants a square meal more," snapped Lizerann.

"I don't want no impudence. Where's Mr. Ingram? The landlady told me that Mr. Ingram was here," insisted the man.

His tone sounded as though he were ill at ease.

"Oh, did she? Well, yer can see 'e ain't, can't yer? Good-mornin'."

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"That's my bloke, an' if you say a word to me 'e'll bash yer 'ead off."

"Chuck that, my girl——"

"Ho, indeed, an' 'oo are you, callin' me my gal?" snapped my plucky little defender. "Don't you be so bloomin' familyer."

"I want Mr. Ingram."

"Then go on wantin', like me. I wants a fortune, but I've got ter want."

Ah! Lizerann, it should be yours if I could give it you, I thought.

"Where is he?"

"Gawn out. 'E don't want to 'ave nothin' to do with people o' your sort, so 'e went out early."

"Sure?" asked the man suspiciously. "How many rooms has he got?"

"Look 'ere, don't you talk so much to a lidy without an intryduction," stormed Lizerann. "My young man, wot's a sweep, is in one o' these rooms, an' if you say much I'll call 'im an' 'e'll make your face a sight uglier nor it is."

I quickly pulled on my oldest clothes; they were poor enough for any sweep, goodness knows. Instead of a collar I put a muffler round my neck. Then I reached my hand up the chimney and withdrew it covered with soot and applied the unpleasant residue to my face. At the conclusion I am sure any ordinary sweep would have looked presentable beside me.

Prior to dirtying my hands I had wrapped a collar and a tie into a parcel and slipped it into my pocket. Then, donning my bowler hat, and pushing in one of its many soft spots, I came noisily from the room and paused outside my sitting-room door, where Lizerann and my visitor were still indulging in wordy warfare, with disastrous results for the minion of the law, by the way.

"That room wants doin' badly, Lizer," I remarked. "If this gent don't mind I'll 'ave a look at this chimney."

"'Tain't nothin' to do with 'im, Bill. 'E ain't no gent," responded Lizerann. "But you can't 'ave a look at this 'un; I'm goin' to light a fire."

I paused uncertainly, whilst Lizerann whispered in the officer's ear:

"That's my bloke, an' if you say a word to me 'e'll bash yer 'ead off."

The representative of the law was a smaller

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man than I, and he maintained a discreet silence after critically examining the six feet and one inch that Nature has endowed me with.

"Orl right," I remarked. "I'll go an' get me brushes an' I'll do the other ones."

"Right-o; look slippy, 'cos Mrs. Baker's a terror for sweeps. Give us a kiss, Bill, an' 'ook it."

Lizerann's last words staggered me, but I speedily recognised the crowning stroke of genius. Bending over her I made to kiss her cheek, but she deliberately turned up her lips and kissed mine heartily.

"So long, Bill," she remarked, and there was a distinct tremor in her voice.

As for me, I could not speak. I did not know how to account for it, but my throat felt full and there was a suspicious mist before my eyes.

Luckily I got out of the house without meeting Mrs. Baker. Drawn up by the kerb was a four-wheeler, which was to have been my chariot. I did not pause to admire it, but I hurried away as quickly as possible to an underground lavatory. The attendant looked askance at my sooty face and hands, but when I laid down sixpence he offered no further remonstrance. Then I cleansed myself and donned the collar and tie. My clothes were ancient, but I looked fairly presentable, though not as I was accustomed to look when I visited the City.

An electric train conveyed me to the Bank and I hurried to Jack's office. Before I could say a word a clerk thrust a cablegram into my hands. I opened it feverishly and read the single word: "Buy."

Out I went and joined the gang of hatless men and youths. I already knew my men, and slowly I began to acquire parcels of the shares at prices varying between one shilling and ninepence and half-a-crown. By midday a whisper began to go round and the shares rose quickly in value, but still I bought until the price had reached ten shillings. By this time I had acquired ten thousand two hundred shares, and after that there were apparently no more sellers.

A friendly broker advanced me twenty pounds in return for shares to value, and then I hastened away and paid my debt.

It is needless to go into the details of the further business that transpired. Suffice to say that the property turned out to be one of the richest in West Africa, and the pound shares are now quoted at $4\frac{1}{4}$. When Jack returned home he insisted on my retaining half the shares at the price I paid for them, though he arranged by cable for the necessary cash to be ready by settlement.

In addition to this he made me secretary of the new company at a salary of £800 per annum. I sold my shares when they touched £4 and realised £32,000.

Agnes and I are married now. We have a jolly nice place about fifteen miles out of London, and our domestic *chargé d'affaires* is Lizerann—re-christened Elizabeth. She is vastly proud of her clean hands and face, her trim black frock, and dainty apron and cap. It is only her peculiar face that worries her now.

There are times when I lapse and call her Lizerann, but I have never kissed her since.

I have a tender recollection of that kiss.

Missing! "Mr. X."

"Mr. X." is still missing. It is with deep sorrow that I acquaint my readers with this painful fact. As for myself, who shall describe my grief at the continued and unexplained absence of my old and tried comrade. To think that after all these years—but enough.

Perhaps he was bankrupt of catches and puzzles. Perhaps he thought his readers were tired of him. Who can tell? I hope that by next month I shall be able to give definite news of him. He may only be taking a holiday.—Ed. THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

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A Song for Sixpence

How a Cad was Caught in His own Trap.

Written and illustrated by
Hilda Cowham.

Gardiner, being a careless ass, lost the key of his locker. Being also mean with his tin, he did not get a new one made; and being of a suspicious nature he gave all the fellows to understand that they had better not steal his things or there would be trouble. I need hardly say that at a decent public school like Welton, fellows don't as a rule steal things from one another's lockers, even if the keys do get lost, and if Gardiner had said nothing about it nobody would ever have known that his locker was open.

He took tremendous pains to frighten us away from his locker—such pains that I really believe he was trying to entice us to test him. First of all he told a lot of kids that he kept a live snake there, and that it would poison anyone who touched it except its master. As a matter of fact, it was a blindworm in a galley pot, but one of the kids was so alarmed at the idea of being poisoned that he told a prefect, and Gardiner got hammered for breaking the rule against keeping live pets in the house.

Then he put some sandwiches in his locker, made of cake and cayenne. He came in furiously hungry one afternoon and ate them himself—or at least he took in quite enough, before he remembered, to keep him sucking at the water tap for the rest of the day.

He took in quite enough to keep him sucking at the water tap for the rest of the day.

He played other silly tricks on himself in his endeavours to prove that we were all a pack of thieves, and I did not wonder when Jenkinson lost patience.

"Bother the fellow," he said, "I'm sick of his beastly locker. Gentlemen don't as a rule expect to have to go about with their pockets inside out to prove they haven't lifted one another's sugar sticks."

"'A shilling's worth for a shilling' is my motto," I replied. "If the beast is going to suspect us of taking his filthy property, let's give him reason to complain."

"Right oh!" said Jenkinson. "Only mind how you do it. I should like to raid him."

"No time like the present," added Osbaldestone. "He's in the detention-room."

We slid down the banisters,

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and burst into the common room. There were only two kids there, and we sent them off to fag at the fives-courts. Then we went across to Gardiner's locker, knocking over a form in our eagerness to make hay of it.

"Steady, steady," cried Jenkinson. "He may have a trap inside. Let's sling the door open and see what happens."

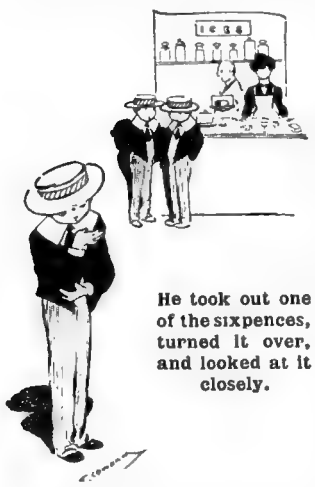
So we all stood clear. Jenkinson caught hold of the door, and flung it back. Nothing happened. The interior, exposed to view, revealed a jam-jar, a catapult, some books, and a paper bag.

"There's a lot worth stealing here," said Jenkinson contemptuously. "Now, let's take the lay of it, in case we want to put it back." He went up and examined the locker closely. "The little cad!" he exclaimed.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Look up there!"

He pointed to three pennies and two sixpences on the ledge of the locker. "I know what he's done—he's marked some money!"



He took out one of the sixpences, turned it over, and looked at it closely.

We spent some minutes telling one another what we thought of him. It seemed impossible to invent a lower trick, not because anybody would be likely to steal, but because it showed what he thought of the fellows.

"Look here, let's lay for him over this," I said. "First of all, let's see what the marks are."

They were quite plain.

"All right," I said. "I'll stand guard. You fellows go to the workshops, and collar some glue and screws and a screwdriver."

While they were gone I wedged some bits of wood into the lock, and effectually settled that. When they came back we screwed up the locker with as many screws as we could get into it. Then we painted the cracks with glue. It would take some getting undone, but if he hadn't the sense to lock his locker I felt it ought to be done for him.

"Now I want two sixpences and three pennies," I said. We made them up between us, and in the presence of Osbaldestone and Jenkinson I marked them with the same marks I found on the coins in the locker.

Jenkinson caught hold of the door and flung it back. Nothing happened.

When Gardiner came out of the detention-room we waylaid him and walked with him to afternoon school. Fortunately he had his books with him. And after school, as we had him in charge, we took him down to the tuck-shop. He was worth spending a little money on, and as he never spent his own he was quite ready to accept our invitation.

While we were having some ices I asked: "Who's got a shilling for two sixpences?"

Neither Jenkinson nor Osbaldestone could oblige me, but Gardiner fished a shilling out of his pocket.

"Here you are," he said, and I gave him the sixpences. He pocketed them. Then a suspicion crossed his unworthy mind; he took out one of the sixpences, turned it over, and looked at it closely.

"What's the matter with it? Isn't it a good one?" I asked. "Bite it if you think it isn't."

He looked nastily out of his rotten squint eyes. "Oh, it's all right," he said.

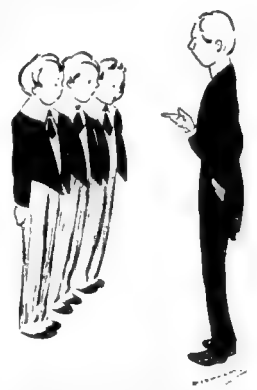
"Well, have a jam roll. Jolly bad for you, but you don't get enough of them to hurt you."

I put a penny on the counter to pay for it. I was watching him as carefully as he watched the penny.

"I'll toss you who pays," he said, and put a penny beside mine with his hand over it.

"It's a head," I said.

"Now then,



"You three are to go to Grey's study at once," said one of the house-fags.

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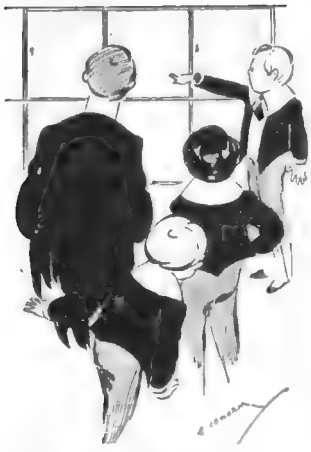

"Now," said Grey to Gardiner, "which is your locker?"

young gentlemen," said the shop steward, "no tossing allowed. You know that. Take your money up, please."

"That's my penny," said Gardiner, picking up the one I had put down and leaving his own on the counter.

I didn't object. I took up the other and distinctly saw Gardiner look at mine as he edged out of the door. I felt we had set the ball rolling and awaited developments. They were not long coming.

"You three are to go to Grey's study at once," said one of the house-fags a few minutes later. Grey being senior prefect, Gardiner had had to go to him.

"Come on," I said, "he's done it this time." So we went to Grey's study. Gardiner wasn't there.

"You fellows," said Grey, "Gardiner accuses you of having stolen money of his."

Jenkinson very quietly denied it. So did I. So did Osbaldestone.

"He says he marked some coins, and that he received them back from one of you."

"I can't help that," I replied. "I didn't touch his beastly money."

"It's an unpleasant thing to happen in the house," he said, "but I must sift it. Have you any money in your pockets now?"

I handed him what I had, and he examined it. Of course he found the two marked pennies.

"You other two can clear," he said to Jenkinson and Osbaldestone.

"We'd like to stay, Grey, if you don't mind," said Osbaldestone. "He accused us all three together, and we'd like to see it through."

"All right," he replied, and sent a fag to fetch Gardiner. When Gardiner came in he made him repeat the accusation in front of us.

"There is the same mark on some of your money," said Grey to me. "How do you account for it?"

"I put it on myself," I said. Gardiner looked as though he didn't believe it.

"Did anyone see you do it?" asked the prefect.

"I did," replied Jenkinson and Osbaldestone together.

"How do you account for the marking being the same?"

"I don't account for it," I replied. "He can mark money how he likes, and so can I."

Grey looked at me rather curiously. "When did you mark yours?" he asked.

"Just before afternoon school," I replied.

"Where were you?"

"In the common room near Gardiner's locker."

"We had better see your locker, Gardiner. The money may have fallen behind something. These fellows say they haven't had it."

"Now," said Grey to Gardiner, "which is your locker?"

"This one," was the reply.

"What time was it when you looked into your locker and found the money gone?"

Gardiner looked puzzled. "They gave—" he began.

"Answer me," said Grey.

He found he had to admit that he hadn't yet looked.

"What, you little cad!" said Grey. "You accused them without even looking to see if your money had gone! Open your locker at once!"

He tried to. "It's stuck," he said, "Why, it's screwed up and stuck with glue."

The carpenter had to take off his coat to get the screws and glue out, but at last he wrenched the door off.

Grey sent Jenkinson to fetch the carpenter. Gardiner stood looking awfully uncomfortable. The carpenter had to take off his coat to get the screws and glue out, but at last he wrenched the door off.

There lay Gardiner's money exactly as we'd left it. Grey picked up one of the sixpences and found the mark on it.

"Now," said Grey, "you're going to get the biggest hiding you ever had in your life. After I've done, these fellows can have a go at you if they want to. I shan't interfere."

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Picture Paragraphs.

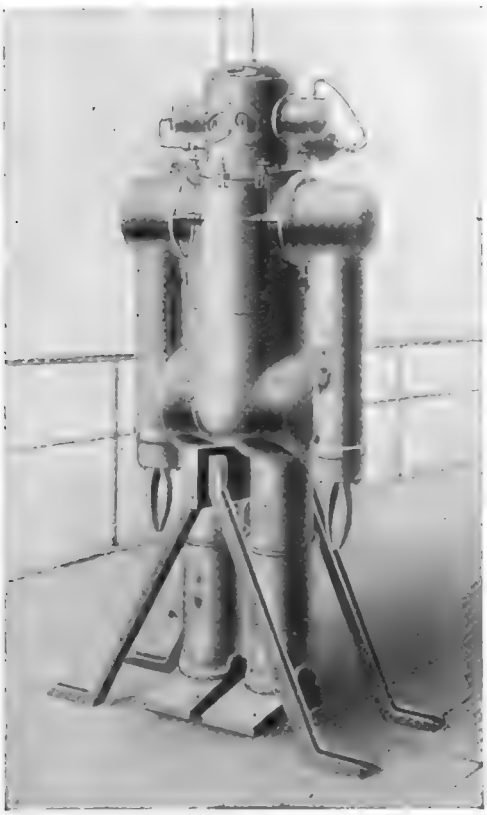
The Editor will Gladly Purchase Photographs Suitable for Use in These Pages. All Pictures should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

A SUIT OF ARMOUR FOR DEEP-SEA DIVING.

THE illustrations on this page call to mind the horrors of the middle ages, when the iron maiden and like devices were in requisition to persuade men to reveal deadly secrets or to cause death by slow and torturous means.

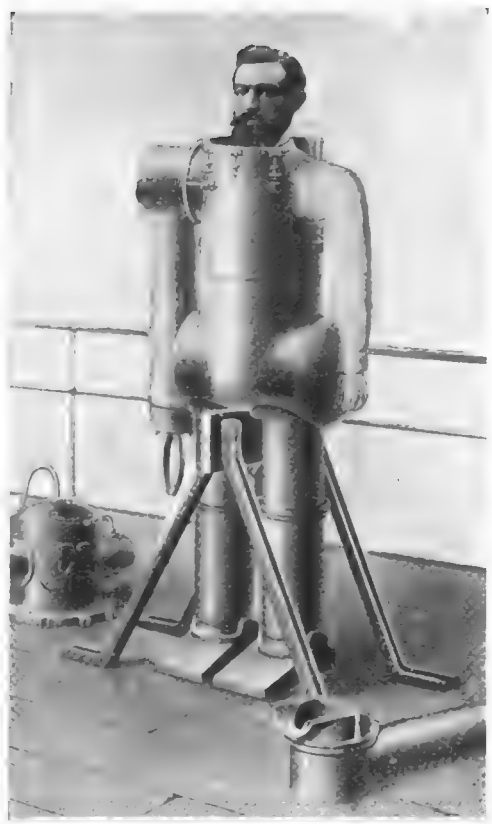
It is, however, a much less harmful contrivance, being a diving suit invented by M. de Pluvy, a prominent hydrographic engineer of Paris, for deep-sea work.

M. de Pluvy's suit is made on the plan of an ancient coat-of-arms, and is built of light and strong sheet-metal of about one-tenth of an inch in thickness. The joints and coupling



Photos *Scientific American.*

Ready for the descent. Notice the air chambers on each side of the helmet, and the apparatus which takes the place of the hands.



The De Pluvy Diving Dress with one of the armpieces removed. When adjusted in place the limbs are perfectly watertight.

points are made of pressed leather and rubber, and a special form of water joint is employed.

The air is not brought to the diver from the outside as is usually the case, but is sent by a tube into a special chamber in the helmet containing certain chemical products which renew the supply of oxygen, and is then sent into the interior by another tube.

The air-renewing apparatus is contained in a pair of cylindrical chambers attached to each side of the helmet.

Mounting and descending are effected by a drum and a cable worked by an electric motor, which at the same time carries the current required for the breathing apparatus.

The diver communicates with the surface by telephone, and a number of wires run from the armour up to a set of coloured lamps showing how the different parts are working.

With this suit M. de Pluvy reached a depth of 300ft. This far exceeds the depth to which the ordinary diver can descend.

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Photo *White*

The tombstone erected to "Dick," a pet cat of Mr. Richard Stone, one of the Yeomen of the Tower of London.

THE LATEST ATTRACTION AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

American visitors to the Tower of London have been greatly puzzled over the tombstone shown above, and which is situated in the moat of the Tower.

Recently a party suggested that the cat was formerly the pet of the two little murdered princes. "But," said one of them, "the stone-work looks too new"; and another added that the wording did not savour of "Olde Englishe."

Many seeing it from a distance have run towards it imagining it to be an erection to the memory of Lady Jane Grey or Lord Lovat.

Nevertheless, their curiosity did not go unrewarded; for the tombstone, with its floral decorations, is of considerable interest.

Underneath it are the remains of "Dick," a cat which belonged to Mr. Richard Stone, one of the Yeomen of the Guard. The tombstone is Mr. Stone's own handiwork, also the painting and the wording upon it, which reads thus:

> Here lies the body of our pet Dick,
> Who was always fed on milk and fish.
> He was very fat and one of the best,
> But now poor Dick is laid to rest.

One cannot help feeling that "Dick" was not much to be pitied, being dieted on fish and milk, which probably went towards making him fat. From being fat he was probably extremely good-humoured, as most fat people are, and his good humour would be sure to give him the title of "one of the best."

DRESSED IN A BEEHIVE.

In the villages of Mouro and Portel in Portugal the peasants, during the month of May, don the peculiar looking garment pictured below. May is often a rainy month in Portugal, and the extraordinary dress affords great protection from the wet, although it must be extremely uncomfortable owing to its weight and the heat it is bound to generate.

The inhabitants of Mouro and Portel who do not mind a wetting do not wear their beehive-like robe for appearance or comfort's sake. They wear it with the firm belief that in some way or other it exercises a beneficial influence upon the weather.

For generations this belief has held good, strange and unaccountable as it may seem.

Photo *Exclusive News Agency.*

The peculiar dress, resembling a beehive, worn by the peasants of Mouro and Portel, Portugal. This dress, while affording protection during the wet month of May, is supposed to exercise a beneficial effect on the weather.

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A BATTLESHIP OF HARDWARE.

FORMIDABLE enough looks this battleship, which, in view of the size and number of its guns, is evidently of the *Dreadnought* type. Everything aboard is complete, from the searchlight in the fighting top, and funnels, to the flag bearing the stars and stripes betokening its nationality, the anchor, and small boat.

And yet, on second inspection, it seems as though the objects are rather strange in their formation. The searchlight seems out of proportion to the size of the ship, and the saw-like formation on the bulwarks is decidedly peculiar.

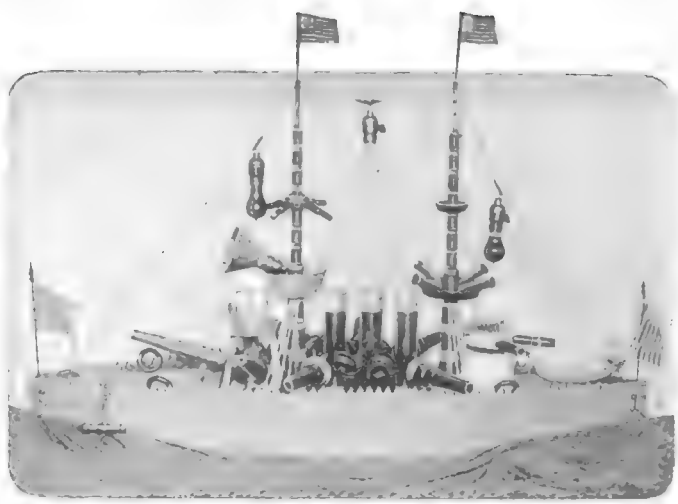

Photo *Union Bureau of News.*

This battleship figures in a window dressing by Mr. H. T. Payne, of Aberdeen, Mississippi. It is composed entirely of hardware, articles such as chimneys, dippers, and saws going to its construction.

Although at a first glance the photograph would appear to be that of a battleship, it is in reality the ingenious window dressing of Mr. H. T. Payne, of a large hardware firm at Aberdeen, Mississippi.

The battleship forms part of a set comprising a fort with guns, under which it lies at anchor, a coast-defending monitor, and what appears to be a captured prize, all constructed of hardware; saws, lamp chimneys, spool wire, couplings, and scores of other articles entering into the building of this unique window attraction.

As for the battleship itself:

The hull is made of two 4½ft. cross-cut saws; three chimneys form the funnels, and the masts are constructed of different sizes of spool wire. A dipper forms one fighting top and a mouse trap a turret. Faucets represent the big guns, pipe elbows the ventilators, and a corkscrew the anchor, while an excellent searchlight is provided by an electric light bulb in a plain shade.

Other goods entering into the construction are couplings and nipples, hair curler heaters, and pencils.

THE LATEST FASHION IN MITTENS.

THIS form of glove, or rather mitten, is quite the rage among ladies of the German Court.

It is an extremely costly ornament, as the mitten is made of gold network and the back of it is decorated with precious stones, the cost being estimated at about £100,

Of course, like all the other eccentricities of fashion, the cost is limitless, and although the price of the gold network must remain unaltered the ornamentation of the back provides plenty of scope for extravagance.

Photo *Topical.*

The new mitten as worn by many ladies of the German Court. It is made of gold wire and the back is ornamented with precious stones.

At present it is correct only to wear the mitten on the left hand, but later the fashion may spread the adornment to both hands.

Various effects might be obtained in the choice of gems for the back of the hand. For instance, a hand covered with rubies would have a very gorgeous effect, while the jeweller would be able to fashion all sorts of artistic designs by altering the colour of the gems. It is hardly possible to imagine the dazzling effect that two hands covered with diamonds would produce.

Whether the idea will find footing in England is doubtful.

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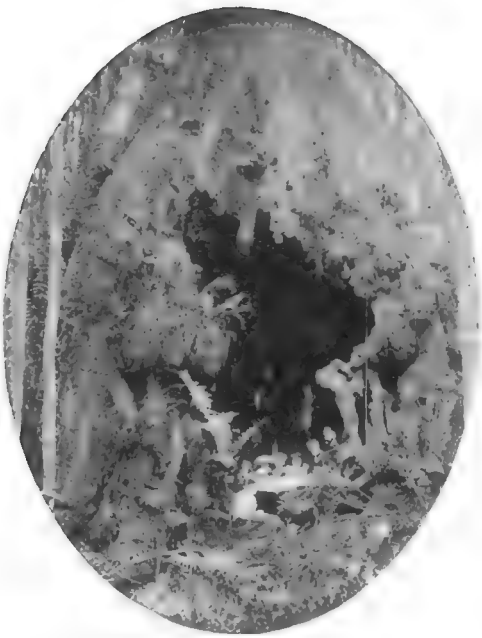

In the hollow of "Big Ben," one of the huge blue gum trees of Tasmania. The size of the hollow can be gauged by the diminutive appearance of the picnic party.

DINING IN "BIG BEN."

This does not, as the title suggests, have reference to the Big Ben of Parliament fame, for it is doubtful whether dining in the hollow of the clock tower would prove an unmixed pleasure.

The "Big Ben" referred to is the property of a Tasmanian farmer, and very proud he is of his possession, for "Ben" is very big indeed, being a large specimen of the Tasmanian blue gum tree, and reaches a height of nearly 250 feet. The circumference is 95 feet five inches above the ground, and a hollow in the tree has the amazing dimensions of 20 feet by 25 feet.

In this hollow, which, if boarded over, would make a commodious dwelling-place, the owner has placed a table, and at this he occasionally entertains his guests. In the photograph he is seen with a picnic party, and one can realise better the huge dimensions of the tree when noticing how completely it dwarfs the occupants.

A GIGANTIC AIRSHIP DISASTER.

Of disasters to airships, that of the dirigible designed and built by John A. Morrell stands as the greatest as regards the machines themselves, for, curiously enough, none of those who ascended were killed.

The balloon was 485 feet long and 34 feet in diameter, with a lifting capacity of from eight to ten tons, and six motors. Much was said about what the airship was going to do, and, in fact, a company—The National Airship Company—was started with a view of running a service of airships from New York to San Francisco.

The first of the service started on its trial trip on May 23, 1908, at Berkeley, Cal. On being released the airship rose to a height of 200 to 300 feet, but owing to the nose of the balloon not having been let go soon enough, and the general instability of the structure, it tilted up to an angle of 45 degrees, and, in consequence, the gas rushed to the rear of the envelope, exerting such a pressure as to burst the envelope, speedily bringing the whole concern to the ground.

Photo *Scientific American.*

A unique photograph of the Morrell airship collapsed, showing people running from the wreck, and one of the engines hanging from the deflated balloon.

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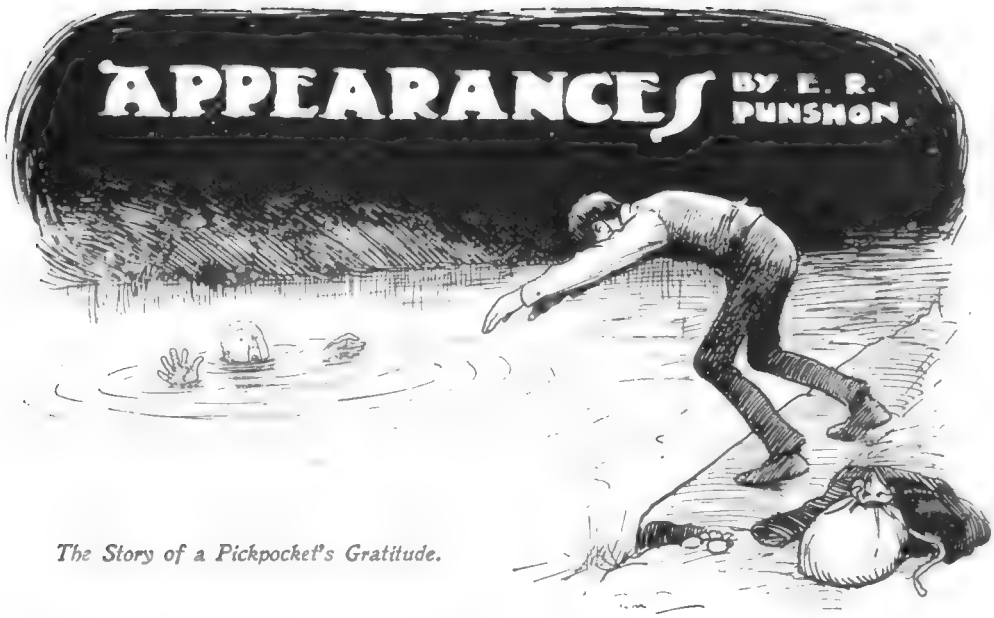
APPEARANCES

BY E. R. PUNSHON



The Story of a Pickpocket's Gratitude.

I.

In a mood wild and desperate, so passion tossed as to approach madness, Frank Marshall came to the banks of the canal to drown himself, like the reckless, headstrong boy that he was. Such was the fierce, white-hot deliberation of his temper, that he had even provided himself, since he was a fair swimmer, with stones in a bag to tie round his neck that he might be sure of sinking. But when he stepped upon the towing-path, it was to see another struggling for life in the very water that he had intended to be his own grave.

Acting on impulse, and without pausing a moment, he flung off his coat and dived—to save another's life and not to lose his own, so much had the strong god Circumstance altered his intention. Perhaps the piercing coldness of the water had something to do with it, or perhaps it was the zest of the fierce struggle he waged before he and the drowning stranger were safe again.

But whatever the reason might be, once Frank found himself again on dry land, safe and dripping, he had lost all his love of drowning, and had not the least little inclination in the world to tie his stones round his neck and dive again into the water. Instead, he thanked God very heartily that he was safe, and hoped he would never be so great an ass again. Then the stranger he had rescued sat up, and in doing so kicked against the bag of stones Frank had come provided with.

"Hullo! what's here?" he said.

Frank laughed and told him, and the stranger whistled. He was a little man with a dirty face, close-cropped hair, and furtive, uneasy eyes, and he whistled again.

"We must see about all that," he said.

II.

Mr. Henry Wyatt Wheeler, ship owner and merchant, was breakfasting, a troubled frown upon his usually placid brow.

"It's no good saying anything more about it, Susan," he declared; "I'm worried enough as it is. I entirely failed to enjoy my dinner at Popham's last night just from thinking and bothering about it."

"But young Frank Marshall," persisted Mrs. Wheeler, "such a nice boy——"

"I would have believed it of anyone sooner," said Mr. Wheeler, "but there it is—£1000 is missing out of his cash, and unless he can account for it satisfactorily I shall prosecute. I trust he is innocent, but appearances are too black against him for me to overlook the matter."

"Appearances are so deceptive," sighed Mrs. Wheeler; "and then his mother was at school with me——"

"Which is why I took him into my office," observed Mr. Wheeler. "Well, he has till noon to-day—it looks bad, though, that he admits he neglected to take a list of the numbers of the notes—yes, I fear appearances are much against him."

Not knowing what answer to make to this,

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Mrs. Wheeler remained silent. Rich man as he was, Mr. Wheeler, for his health's sake, invariably walked to and from the station, and as it was now time for him to leave to catch his usual train, he collected his *Times* and his umbrella, and the little brief bag he always carried, kissed his wife, and started off.

As he turned out of the drive leading from his house into the street, a little man, dressed rather shabbily, and looking like a clerk hurrying to the station, brushed by him quite rudely. Mr. Wheeler frowned, for he was not used to being hustled, but in a moment or two forgot all about it.

He walked on briskly till it occurred to him there was something hard and heavy in his overcoat pocket. He put his hand in absently to feel and drew out a large and solid silver spoon.

For some moments he stood perfectly still, gaping bewilderedly. Then he looked faintly all around, but when he looked at his hand again there was still the large and solid silver spoon.

"Well," he said feebly—"well."

Then he made a still more disconcerting discovery. On the handle of the spoon was the crest of Mr. Popham, with whom he had dined the night before.

"Well, I'm——" he began, and then he remembered he was a churchwarden—"blessed," he concluded.

"It's undoubtedly one of Popham's spoons," he mused, "but how on earth did it get into my overcoat pocket? A practical joke?—but who—yes, I remember I had this coat on last night——"

He put his hand cautiously into his pocket again to feel if there were any more spoons there. He found instead what on close inspection—for the things were unfamiliar to him—he discovered to be a pawnbroker's ticket, recording the pledging of two more silver spoons.

This time Mr. Wheeler began to look frightened, and he conducted a hurried search through the rest of his pockets, without, however, finding anything else compromising.

"It's really quite incomprehensible," he murmured. "I'm sure I didn't . . . that's absurd . . ."

He felt his forehead damp, and he raised his hand, in which he still held the silver spoon, to wipe it. As he did so he observed that a policeman across the way was regarding him with some interest. Indeed, the sight of a most respectably attired elderly gentleman brandishing a silver spoon in the middle of the street in the early morning, is doubtless one excusing the closest interest on the part of the police. But Mr. Wheeler did not like the way that constable watched him, and for the first time he understood something of the feeling with which the criminal classes regard the police. Hurriedly placing the spoon in his pocket, Mr. Wheeler walked on, and a furtive glance he gave over his shoulder told him the policeman was looking after him with an air in which a certain suspicion was now apparent.

"Stupid people like the police," Mr. Wheeler mused, "go so much by appearances."

A church clock striking near told him that his pause of bewilderment to examine that most unexpected spoon had made him miss his train.

"Most annoying," said Mr. Wheeler aloud, "and most incomprehensible."

A small, elderly gentleman, in a frock coat and a top hat as resplendent as Mr. Wheeler's own, stepped up to him with a very low and polite bow. It seemed he was a foreigner, for he spoke English very badly but he managed to make Mr. Wheeler understand he wished to be directed to one of the streets in the neighbourhood. Mr. Wheeler showed him the way, and he departed with many thanks and bows, while Mr. Wheeler continued towards the station.

"I mustn't miss the next train," he reflected, feeling for his watch to see what the time was.

But his waistcoat pocket appeared unusually bulky, and in it he discovered not only his own watch but one he had never seen before—a handsome gold chronometer, with a piece of broken chain still attached to it.

"This," gasped Mr. Wheeler, as he stared stupidly at it, "this is most amazing."

He examined it carefully. It was a handsome and valuable article, and on the case was engraved the name, "Robert Knox," and a short inscription to the effect that it had been presented to a Mr. Knox on the occasion of his resigning some honorary appointment.

Mr. Wheeler shook his head feebly, and glancing round in his bewilderment perceived that same policeman he had seen before, who now was strolling along the other side of the street. Mr. Wheeler had a momentary inclination to call the man across and confide in him, but, reflecting that his story was certainly extraordinary, he thrust the watch back into his pocket, and hurried on to the station as fast as he could go.

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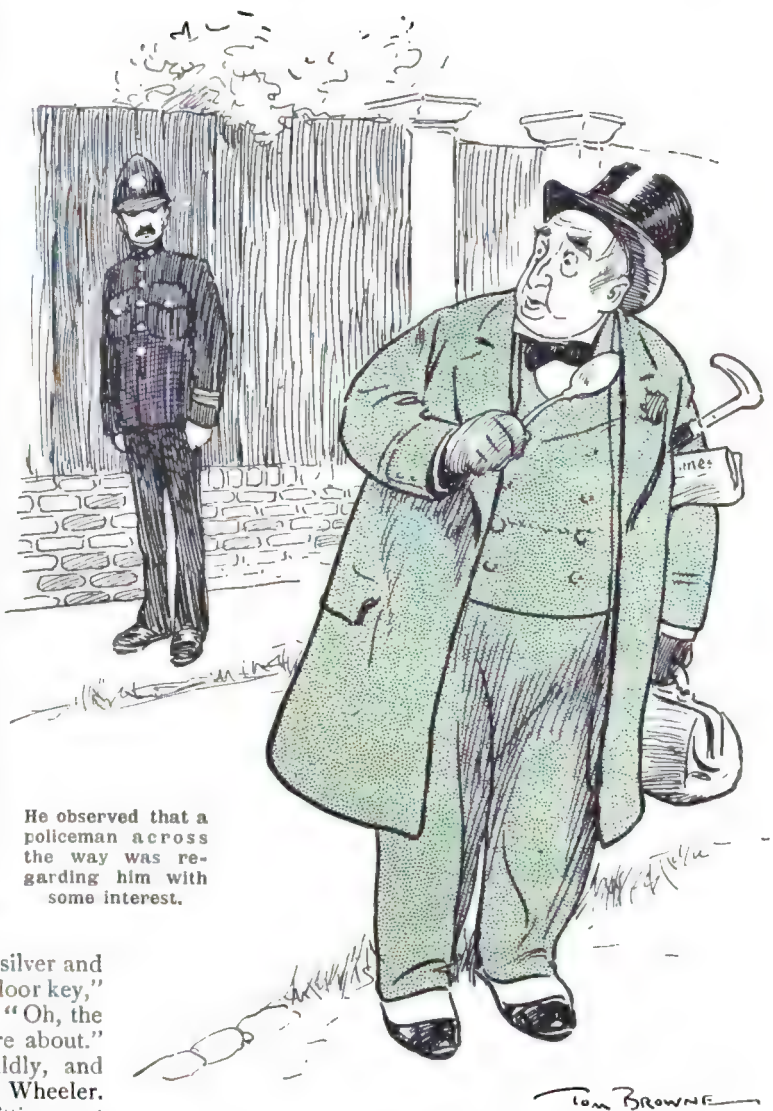
"The vulgar mind judges so much by appearances," he mused.

He arrived rather hot and breathless, and found himself on an almost deserted platform, with nearly ten minutes to wait. He sat down and opened his *Times*. A woman came and sat next to him, and taking out her purse proceeded to count her money. One coin she dropped, and disturbed Mr. Wheeler in recovering it, and then the train came in.

Just as the train drew up, and as Mr. Wheeler was in the act of taking his seat, a tremendous uproar burst out. Everyone turned and stared. It was the woman who had been sitting next to Mr. Wheeler. It seemed she had been robbed of her purse, and she filled the air with her lamentation.



He observed that a policeman across the way was regarding him with some interest.

"What was in it?" someone asked.

"Thirty shillings in silver and some coppers, and our door key," the woman answered. "Oh, the wicked thieves there are about." She looked round wildly, and her eye fell on Mr. Wheeler. "That's him as I was sitting next to," she cried, and pointed at him with an accusing finger.

"Why, that's Mr. Wheeler, of Worth House," said the stationmaster, laughing heartily.

Mr. Wheeler laughed, too, though but a sickly, uncomfortable laugh, for he could feel the weight of a silver spoon in his overcoat pocket, and the pressure of a superfluous gold watch in his waistcoat pocket. He was glad of the excuse of the guard's whistle to take his seat. As he settled himself he saw from the window of his compartment the robbed woman talking eagerly to a policeman—the same policeman. Mr. Wheeler fancied her gesticulating hand still pointed in his direction.

"Really," he murmured, "it would have been most awkward—with appearances so decidedly against me."

As he said this he opened his brief bag, and there, lying on the top of his papers, was a purse—a strange purse. When in a furtive and hurried way he opened it, he found it contained thirty shillings in silver and some coppers and a door key. Hurriedly he thrust the purse down to the bottom of the bag, which he closed and held fast as though it contained a poisonous snake.

Two men in the compartment were talking.

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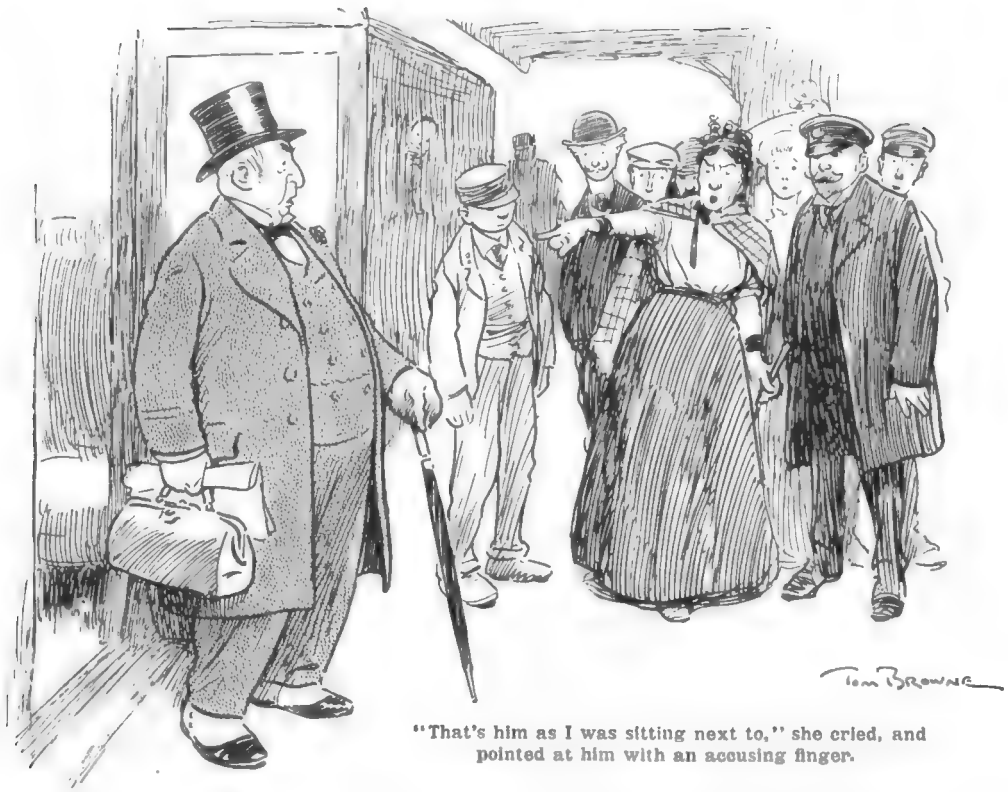

"That's him as I was sitting next to," she cried, and pointed at him with an accusing finger.

"The police ought to be strengthened," one was saying.

"Yes," agreed the other, "there is too much of this pocket-picking business going on. Old Mr. Knox had his watch stolen this morning, he was telling me. I met him on the way to the police-station to report it; he thinks he lost it in High Lane."

High Lane was where Mr. Wheeler lived.

He hid himself behind his paper, and wondered if he were bewitched—what it meant—what it could mean—when the word "kleptomania" occurred to his mind, and he burst into a cold perspiration. He remembered hearing of a case in which a man stole automatically and unconsciously. Altogether Mr. Wheeler spent perhaps the worst half hour of his life as he travelled up to town that morning with Mr. Popham's spoon in his overcoat pocket, with Mr. Knox's watch in his waistcoat pocket, with that strange woman's purse in his bag.

In his agitation and distress of mind he forgot his umbrella when he alighted at the terminus. A small man, dressed as a labourer, came hurrying after him with it; and, as he obviously expected a tip, Mr. Wheeler fumbled for some coppers to give him.

"Rare fuss there is going on in there, sir," he remarked, as he waited for the coppers, and he jerked his head towards the station they had just left. "Gent. as came up on your train, sir, 'as 'ad 'is watch stole, sir."

"Indeed," said Mr. Wheeler, giving the man his coppers, and walked on, and it hardly surprised him when, feeling in his other waistcoat pocket, he discovered a second gold watch in it!

III.

It was the evening of the same day, and Mr. Wheeler, having experienced no more disturbing adventures, was walking to his home from the station. As he turned into High Lane, a little, shabbily-dressed stranger came up to him.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he said, "but it would have been awkward for you, sir, if some bloke 'ad tipped the office to the police as you was leaving the station in town this morning, sir."

Mr. Wheeler looked at him.

"My man," he said, "what do you know about it?"

"I know it all," answered the stranger modestly, "seein' as I did it all."

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"Why?" asked Mr. Wheeler.

"It's along o' Mr. Frank Marshall," the stranger answered; "an' what's 'appened to you already ain't a caution to what it'll be if you don't make it all right for 'im; what's as innocent as you was yourself this morning—if appearances is against 'im as they was against you."

"My good man," said Mr. Wheeler, "will you please explain yourself? What do you know of Frank Marshall?"

"Not much," answered the other, "but he pulled me out of the canal last night, what I had gone and tumbled in. He saved my life, and he told me as 'ow he 'ad come there to drown hisself along o' being in trouble at your office. So I found out where you was at dinner, and I pinched three spoons there. I popped two on 'em, and, rigged up in a bowler and short jacket, I 'ustled you as soon as you come out this morning, and slipped the other into your pocket along with the pop-ticket. I 'ad a pal round the corner, and I changed to a topper and a frock coat, lifted his watch from an old boy coming along what I knew was a neighbour of yours, and then let on to you to be a foreigner, and while you was a showing me the way I slipped the ticker into your skyrocket—your pocket, I mean. That there woman at the station 'ere was a pal o' mine, and while you wasn't looking she put 'er purse in your bag. I got in the rattler, same as you, and changed my togs to a working man's. When we arrived, I lifted another bloke's ticker, and I slipped it in your pocket at the very moment I was telling you about it 'aving been stolen. Lord, you stared that thunderstruck I believe I could 'ave lifted the shirt off your blessed back without you knowing it. So now I tell you straight, if anything 'appens to Frank Marshall, I'll make things that 'ot for you, you won't 'ave no bloomin' character left in three months."

"You appear to be a good friend," observed Mr. Wheeler, "but your solicitude on young Marshall's behalf has been quite unnecessary. The missing money turned up first thing this morning, having been put away under a misapprehension by another of my staff."

"Then that's all right," said the little man, "only don't you forget what I said. So long."

He was about to hurry away, but Mr. Wheeler called him back.

"Your behaviour," he said, "has been disgraceful, and it has reduced me to the unpleasant necessity of forwarding an anonymous parcel to the police containing the watches and so on you thrust upon me. But your gratitude to young Marshall shows signs of a better nature, and——"

"Oh, if you're on the reform game you're off it," returned the little man. He leant forward and tapped Mr. Wheeler impressively on the chest. "To reform 'em you must catch 'em young," he said. "So long."

He disappeared, and Mr. Wheeler, meditating all these things, proceeded home. He had sent his wife a telegram to tell her all was right about the money, and she came out beaming to greet him.

"I was so delighted to get your wire," she said. "But what has happened to your watch?"

Mr. Wheeler looked down. From his buttonhole depended a short length of broken chain.

"Confound the fellow," he exclaimed ruefully, "he must have taken it just now when he touched me on the chest, and told me we must catch them young. Come in, my dear. I have a most extraordinary story to tell you, and, in the circumstances, the fellow who has stolen my watch is welcome to it."

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"My Life"—by a Beetle

A Story of Stolen Identity.

By E. C. Andrews.

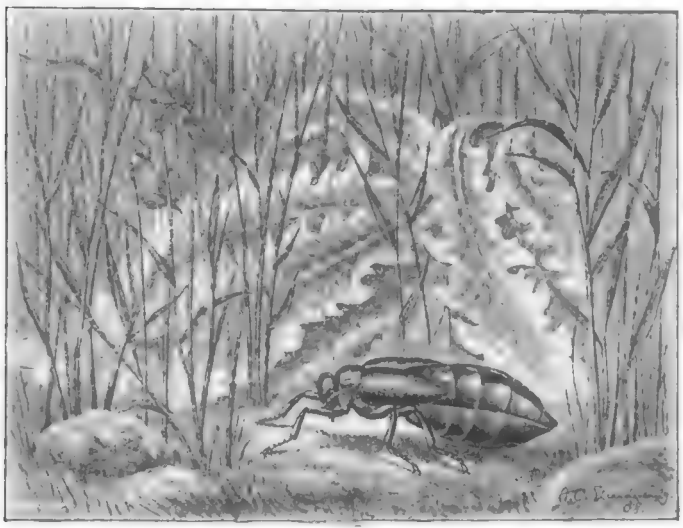
The day was a very hot one, and Mother Oil Beetle crawled sleepily through the jungle. The jungle was a farmer's meadow—a wilderness of luscious plants and grasses that towered high above her head into the quiet blue sky. Mother Oil Beetle crawled slowly, because her huge, fat, glittering blue body was laden with eggs. She took a sort of zig-zag path, through clusters of alternating grass stems, buttercups, and clover until she arrived at the root of a dandelion.

"There's nothing like dandelion for helping my children on in the world," said Mother Oil Beetle, as she started burrowing in the cool, soft, clayey soil at the root of the plant. Her method was simple and rapid. Driving her jaws into the clay, she hoisted it up over her head, and scratched underneath with her front legs until a pit was formed. In this pit she laid us.

We were a thousand or so in number, and I was the topmost egg of all. She must have spent more than a day dropping us all into the pit, so that when her task was finished it is not to be wondered that she felt tired.

"Now, pay particular attention to what I have to say, children," she said as she looked over the edge of the pit and smoothed us down with her feelers. "You are destined for no ordinary career—in fact, your lives are to be the most remarkable that ever beetle lived. There is not a single other beetle in this field who will go through so many adventures. Take, for instance, Mr. Cockchafer, whom I can see strutting along over there in brown livery, looking as though he owned the whole earth. When *he* was a caterpillar he lived in the grubby soil, and never moved out of it all his life.

"Above all things I detest dirty living, and I expect my children to detest it too. Remember that you are to grow up into oil beetles, not cockchafers. As soon as ever you hatch, run up the nearest dandelion stalk and catch the first airship that comes along. You will recognise an airship by its humming noise, and by its four transparent sails. Get on board directly it arrives, and don't leave it till you get to Honeyland—a place you will recognise by its cool dark groves and dusky winding avenues full of honey. Unless you obey these instructions to the letter you will all die, for there is no food here."



"There's nothing like dandelion for helping my children on in the world," said Mother Oil Beetle.

A few days after this

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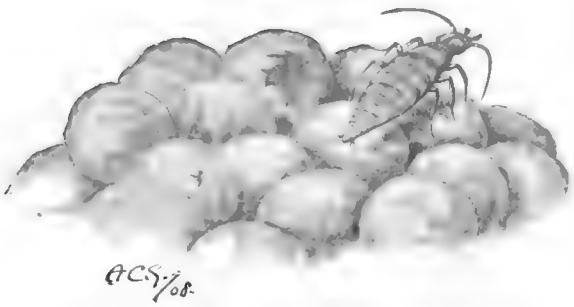

I crawled out of my egg—a pale, whitish grub, with tremendous jaws and six long legs.

I crawled out of my egg—a pale, whitish grub, with tremendous jaws and six long legs. I was the first to hatch, and as I sat still, resting after my exertions, I contemplated with sorrow my nine hundred and ninety-nine brothers and sisters all lying huddled together beneath me, fast asleep in their thin, almost shapeless eggshells. A great number of them were doomed to die, owing to our precarious method of relying upon the chance visit of a suitable vehicle to take us to Honeyland. If we missed the first airship, another might not come along for a day or more, and then we should starve to death. Isn't that horrid!

However, I was the first to hatch, and that was a good omen. I didn't care a rap for my brothers and sisters really, but, remembering my mother's advice, hurriedly cleaned myself over with my jaws, and clambered out of the pit.

I had just reached the top when a mighty beetle, dressed in black and white armour, came running past. Directly it saw me it stopped.

"Hullo, what are you doing here all alone? There isn't a single dead animal on the ground within five hundred feeler lengths of this spot. Seeing that I am a Sexton Beetle I ought to know. I usually like to bury a dead mouse in the ground, and then lay eggs in it. But over there, hanging on that bush, is a splendid dead crow. I have laid my eggs in him instead, and you must be one of my children escaped. Go back at once, child, or you'll starve."

"No thanks, Mrs. Sexton," I answered hurriedly. "I am in search of honey, not carrion"

"Honey! What an utterly absurd diet!" gasped Mrs. Sexton. "Did you ever hear of such a thing before? All decent, well-behaved children of mine feed upon dead flesh——"

But I did not wait to hear more, for I had no time. Running along the soft, moist earth to the dandelion I scampered up the plant as hard as ever I could go. Although I was only a grub with six legs, yet I raced a caterpillar up the stalk who had as many as sixteen. Yes, I guess I know how to run.

"You're not wanted here," said a small, round, red beetle as I crawled in among the bright yellow petals of the dandelion. "Get off!"

He was a horrid greedy little ladybird, who wanted the flower all to himself, and often gobbled up my kind when he could get nothing better.

"Mind your own business!" I snapped. "One day I'll be a beetle thirty times as big as you. Then I shall be an honest eater of fresh green leaves, not a murderer of innocent

An awful churning and booming noise filled the air. I gazed upwards and perceived a mighty creature with huge, whirring sails descending from the sky.

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lives," and I skipped past him into the middle of the flower.

At this he grew very angry, and was about to make a furious dash at me when an awful churning and booming noise filled the air. I gazed upwards, and perceived a mighty creature with huge, whirring sails descending from the sky. It was my airship.

Down it came, with a blast of wind and a flapping of its machinery, on to the flower—almost on top of me. It was a honey bee. If a human being could have seen it with my eyes he would have found it had a face like the front of a locomotive, a body like a fish, two transparent propellers on each side, and six grizzly legs covered with bristles. Without losing a second I made a dart at the nearest leg, gripped it tight, and flattened myself well against it.

The bee took no notice of me whatever, but began pushing the flower about with its head and legs and scattering small flies and beetles right and left, among whom was my inveterate enemy. It was evidently a trader, for I could plainly see it was taking in a cargo of honey. Judging by the vigour with which it worked it must have cleaned the flower right out. In a very short time the lading was over, and then the four shiny transparent sails began flapping again. Up and down they went with gradually increasing swiftness—and then with a rush of air and a little cloud of disturbed pollen we sailed away into the sky, and I dangled on behind.

We stopped at one more dandelion to take in a cargo of honey, and after that we floated away over field, roadway, and forest till an orchard hove in sight with a large dome-like building in it standing under an apple-tree. Through the entrance of this building my airship floated; the orchard vanished from sight as we entered, and the air became suddenly dark. A strong smell of honey greeted my palate, and a murmurous hum sounded in my ears. I had arrived in Honeyland.

As soon as my airship touched *terra firma* I leapt off my perch and took stock of my environment. I found myself under a huge dome, the walls of which were lined thickly with tiers upon tiers of little wax houses or cells. Each of these wax cells had honey in it, and here and there a funny-looking sort of caterpillar stuck out, waved its head in the air, and screamed for food. Immediately in front of me was a cell like all the rest, only with this difference—it had an egg in it that had not yet hatched.

Now, what do you suppose was my object? Simply this.

I had come here as a total stranger, unknown to the inhabitants of the land, with the express intention of living on their honey. I was not going to pay any rent or taxes. I simply couldn't afford it. If a passing policeman discovered me I should be prosecuted for trespass with the utmost rigour of the law—or, in other words, kicked out of the country. My object therefore was to hide myself for the present as best I could. Here in front of me was a helpless, appetising egg lying in a bath of delicious honey. Not a moment was to be lost. Already the sound of rustling footsteps broke on my ears. With one hasty glance round I climbed into the cell, gobbled up the egg as fast as I could, and lay there in its place as quiet as death.

Some footsteps in the meantime drew near, and a face like the front of a locomotive peered over the brim of the cell. "Hullo, and so you have hatched!" said its owner with a genial buzz.

"Y—yes!" I stammered. "And whoever are you?"

"I'm your nurse, youngster. I'm a worker bee. You're a bee baby, and one day you will grow up into a real live bee with four wings."

Now, beetles are very loyal, patriotic creatures, and hate being called by their wrong names, even though they are sometimes forced to assume other people's identities.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," I said haughtily. "I'm one of your babies, it is true. But one day I'm going to turn into a beautiful dark-blue oil-beetle—so there!"

At this the nurse burst into shrieks of laughter. "What an original child it is, to be sure. But don't talk nonsense; I know all about beetles. Only this morning I was passing by a pond and saw Mrs. Water Beetle busy laying her eggs in a web cradle amongst the reeds; and I often see those bright green ferocious tiger beetles depositing theirs in sand pits among heather. Instead of talking about what you don't understand, take my advice and eat, for you've got to turn into a bee in two weeks' time. We people grow fast in Honeyland."

"You're all wrong again," I snapped. "I have no intention of growing with such undignified rapidity. Some of us beetles, such as Mr. Stagbeetle for instance, live for four years as caterpillars; and even Mrs. Ladybird's babies live many weeks eating insects on bushes and plants. I shall endure for at least three months, and turn into an oil beetle next spring."

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"If you continue talking like that I shall go and tell the Queen," replied the nurse crossly as she turned away.

Towards evening she came bustling up with a load of honey in her legs which she dropped into my cell.

"You look busy," I remarked casually.

"Yes, we are all hard-working individuals here except you children and the drones," she replied. "There are forty thousand of us altogether. I'm a worker, and this gallery of children here is a worker's gallery or honeycomb. One day you will be a worker and will have to nurse the young like me. Mind you grow as fast as ever you can, because I shall stop feeding you in five days, at which time you are expected to turn into a chrysalis."

This was not at all encouraging. I had come into the hive with the full intention of living in it for several months, and here was my nurse telling me to be fully grown in a few days. That's the worst of living under false pretences —of assuming other people's identities. I almost wished I were a cockchafer caterpillar under the ground without any bees to worry my life out. Already my cell was beginning to feel tight. I was growing so fast that eventually there would be no room for me. As a matter of fact I was destined to grow very fat and big—quite three times as big as a bee caterpillar. In my anxiety I started to pump nurse.

A face like the front of a locomotive peered over the brim of the cell. "Hullo, and so you have hatched!" said its owner with a genial buzz.

"Are all the cells occupied by children?" I asked anxiously.

"Of course not, my child. Everyone of those over there—and round here," she indicated with a wave of her feelers to right and left, "have bee babies in them. But right behind you is our larder, and that is stocked with hundreds on hundreds of wax jars full of honey. If it were not for our larder we should never get through the winter."

"One moment," I cried, for she had commenced to bustle away, "What happens to people found trespassing in this land?"

"Oh, as to that," replied the nurse, "they are invariably seized upon by the soldiers. A certain number of us workers get commissions and go into the army. The army guards the hive. When intruders appear they are pounced upon by the soldiers, bitten to death, and cast out. But you mustn't keep me talking, child. I'm busy," and off she went.

With a sigh of relief I dropped back in my bath of honey, took a sip, and sank into a peaceful doze. I had nothing to trouble about now. Directly my cell became too small for me, all I had to do was to break through the back and wriggle into the larder, where I could hide myself from all the inhabitants and feed upon their winter store.

This I eventually did. I often wonder what nurse thought when she came bustling up one morning in her usual busy way and found the cradle smashed and her child gone. I should have liked to see her face!

After this everything went smoothly. To burrow through the waxen wall of the larder and get at the honey was child's play to a powerful-jawed grub like me. I soon buried myself in a sea of honey, far from the buzzing crowd of soldiers, workers, and drones, who only walked round the larder during the day to increase its bulk, and never once peeped inside. And here I lived in strict retirement, eating at odd intervals through the summer days, feeling the heat of the scorching sun that was blotted from my view, and hearing the murmurous, subdued hum of the forty thousand bees, who were unconscious of my presence. Thus snugly placed in life, I grew to my full size before the summer was over, and turned one cool autumn morning into a chrysalis.

In order to achieve this transformation in proper order, I took care to crawl right up to the top of the larder into a nook very near the surface, and in direct contact with the outside world. I'm not absolutely sure where I did get to; it might have been right outside the hive. Anyhow, the corner I eventually selected seemed very comfortable, and here I

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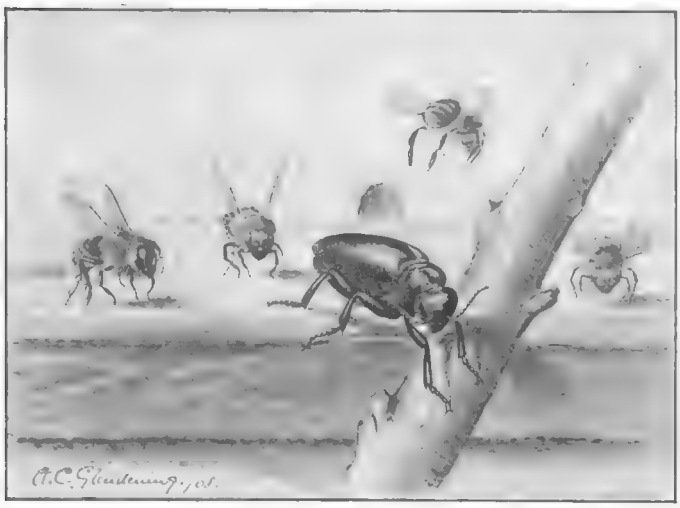

Turning my back on them, I trailed my magnificent blue body down the stick to the grass beneath.

cast off my legs, my jaws, and my skin, and became a chrysalis.

And then the summer waned, and the dark days of autumn came on, and the chill wind stripped the orchard of its yellow leaves. All the flowers faded and died, and amid the echoing sounds of the warring elements I heard the bees enter the hive with a drowsier hum, as though they were too numbed and stiff to fly any more. After that came dead silence, and throughout the winter everything was a rayless blank.

The next thing I remembered was a hot, stuffy, choking sensation in all my limbs. I kicked hard, and pushed, and bit, and crawled out of my chrysalis shell to find myself in the open air, with the sun shining in the heavens and a jungle of grass stems all round. A stiff-looking plant swayed in the breeze a few feet away. I crawled towards it and mounted it to take stock of my surroundings

There, just above me, on a kind of wooden bench, stood the hive in which I had passed my caterpillar existence, and immediately behind it was the old apple tree. The air resounded with the constant hum of insects, and bees were coming out of the hive in swarms.

Chuckling to myself with malicious glee, I crawled off the plant, hurried towards a stout stick leaning against the wooden bench, and crawled slowly up it till I found myself right in front of the hive entrance. Almost at once a dozen bees came running out to look at me.

"Hullo!" I shouted. "Don't you recognise me, you chaps?"

"You?" they cried. "Who are you? You're an ugly beetle. Get out, or we'll tear you limb from limb."

"Are you aware that I boarded and lodged free of charge in your country all through last summer; and are you aware that your people ordered a trained nurse to look after me while I was young and tender?"

The bees stared at each other in bewilderment.

"What on earth are you talking about?" they asked.

"Yes, you may well sit there and gasp!" I laughed. "None of your nurses who saw me last year would believe I was a beetle, although I frankly told them I was."

"You're a very hideous sight," snarled one of the bees. "And it is utterly impossible for you ever to have been a caterpillar. Take yourself off this instant!"

Now, wasn't this simply riling? When I was a caterpillar I couldn't get anybody to believe that I would one day turn into a beetle; and now that I was a beetle these pig-headed bees refused to believe that I had once been a caterpillar.

Rage rendered me almost speechless. Rushing up to them, I squirted from the six thighs of my six legs six little streams of strong-smelling oil. It is largely owing to this capacity that we are called oil beetles. "Take that!" I hissed, and, turning my back on them, I trailed my magnificent blue body down the stick to the grass beneath.

Then it suddenly occurred to me that all last year's working bees were dead, and that this was a new lot hatched out of eggs laid by the queen, who alone lives through the winter. No wonder these new creatures did not recognise me. They were destined to be deluded by my kind again.

So my anger quieted down, and I smilingly walked off through the grassy jungle without giving another thought to beehives, or cells, or nurses, or stolen identities.

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APSLEY AND THE APE

BY C. NEWTON BUNGEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ROUNTREE

The Story of an Appalling Visitor.

"CONFOUND it!" muttered Mr. Apsley, hearing the door open and someone enter the room. In louder tones he added: "Is that you, Cyril?"

Mr. Apsley was under the impression that he was alone in the house. Mrs. Apsley and her daughter had gone to an At Home, Cyril, his son, had gone to cricket practice, and the maid was out shopping. It had seemed an excellent opportunity for a quiet afternoon's work on the translation of an Italian work which Mr. Apsley hoped would astonish the world.

"Is that you, Cyril?" he repeated.

There was no answer, and Mr. Apsley turned round in his revolving chair somewhat impatiently. Immediately a gasp of horror left his lips, and he seemed to shrivel up like a walnut.

Facing him was an enormous ape. It stood in a characteristic crouching attitude, its long muscular arms reaching to the floor, its powerful limbs bent at the knees as though it was crouching for a spring. Its repulsive face was rendered malevolent by the huge gash which represented its mouth being open and displaying rows of cruel fangs.

For a whole minute the man and the ape faced each other without moving. To Apsley it seemed that he had waited an hour for the brute to spring at him. For he had made up his mind that the ape would spring.

After the first paroxysm of terror Apsley's brain began to work in spasmodic jerks. He would cry for help. No, that would not do, the sound would probably infuriate the beast, and that would finish matters. He would shoot the ape. No, that would not do, as he had not got the wherewithal. He would use strategy. That would be the way, he would strategise—but how?

Whilst he thought, vivid recollections of Edgar Allan Poe's story of the murders in the Rue Morgue came into his head. They did not tend to exhilarate him.

Suddenly the ape moved, and Mr. Apsley made preparations to jump. But it was the fire which attracted the animal. It gazed at the embers, and began to growl. At least the noise sounded like growling to Mr. Apsley, and his blood curdled.

Just near the fire stood a small revolving bookcase containing some rare books, exquisitely bound, the pride of Mr. Apsley's collection. The ape made sundry remarks in his own dialect. Seemingly it was swearing at the fire. Then, to show its disapproval, it picked up sundry books and threw them, one after the other, into the grate.

With each shot a groan left Mr. Apsley's lips, but he dared not make any attempt to save his cherished possessions. Eventually the ape desisted from its stoking operations, because it had choked the fire. Its next move was to turn to Mr. Apsley, a diabolical grin on its face, and commence to waddle towards the terrified man.

With a low scream of fear Mr. Apsley

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sprang from his seat, and ran to the other side of his desk. This movement caused the revolving chair to spin, and in a moment the ape was vastly interested. It made a few remarks on the subject, and grasped the chair. One fierce twist, and the article of furniture was a wreck. Then the animal sprang on to the desk, and towered over Mr. Apsley. With a groan the latter shut his eyes and waited. After several hours, or so it seemed, he opened his eyes to find that the ape was standing up on the desk staring at its own reflection in a mirror.

Evidently, thought the ape, here was another of his race, and a remarkably ugly one, to judge from the animal's disgusted comments. Out shot one long arm, and the mirror was cracked in a hundred places. The ape stood staring at pieces of itself reflected in the few whole parts of the mirror.

Now was Mr. Apsley's chance. With a desperate effort he roused himself to make a sudden dash for the door. He gained it just as the ape hopped from the desk and took up the chase. Now, if Mr. Apsley had turned to his right and gained the open, much trouble might have been averted, but instead he turned to the left up the stairs. He broke all records for stair climbing, and made a dash for the open drawing-room door. With a few leaps and bounds the ape followed him into the room. Then the chase went on in earnest.

Mr. Apsley dodged behind a bric-à-brac cabinet. The ape stormed his defences with unpleasant results for the bric-à-brac. Mr. Apsley retired hastily, and occupied a coign of vantage behind the piano. The ape followed, and its attention was diverted by the piano. It stretched out its arms, and some horrible discords followed. Evidently the animal was of a musical disposition, for it began to bang at the keys until the results of its tremendous strength outrivalled Tschaikowsky's "1812," and the piano became a tangled wreck.

Mr. Apsley dodged to the chesterfield, but the ape merely smiled, and sprang over this article of furniture with one bound. Off started Apsley again, and entrenched himself behind a table. Just then the ape spotted its reflection again in a mirror.

Some horrible language flowed from its lips, and it sprang at the other ape. It met the mirror on the way with unpleasant results for itself and disastrous results for the mirror. As before, this gave Mr. Apsley an excellent chance to escape.

He ran from the room, across the landing, and gained the breakfast-room. He had just enough presence of mind left to slam the door and lock it from the inside. Then he fell into a chair, a gasping, panting wreck.

He heard the soft pad, pad, pad of the ape's feet outside on the landing; clearly the animal had lost track of its prey. A prayer that the ape would leave the house left Apsley's lips. Then an idea came to him, he would call for help from the window. He rushed to the latter, threw up the sash, and stared out across the garden to the road.

Thank goodness someone was passing. The passer-by was an exceedingly rough-looking, dirty man. Mr. Apsley bawled to him.

"Hi!" he shouted. "There's a monkey in the house."

Clearly the dirty man did not catch all Mr. Apsley's words, but he heard "monkey," and concluded that he was being insulted. In a fluent manner he invited Mr. Apsley to come down and have his face trodden in.

"You don't understand," shrieked Mr. Apsley. "There's a monkey in my house."

This time the dirty man heard.

"Yah!" he remarked. "I can see that plain enough."

"I'll give you five, ten pounds to fetch help," cried Mr. Apsley despairingly.

The mention of money acted like a charm, and in a few seconds the dirty man was standing beneath the window. Mr. Apsley told his story in a half-sobbing manner.

"Wot, you're alone in the 'ouse, an' there's a monkey in it?" asked the man.

"That's it," cried Apsley. "Get me some help and I'll give you ten pounds. The animal must have escaped from a travelling menagerie."

The dirty man contemplated Mr. Apsley in a thoughtful manner. The house was a detached one, and there was no other residence close to it. Further, the road was a lonely one.

"'E's dotty, that's wot 'e is," muttered the dirty man. "'Ere's a bloomin' good chawnst, anyway. If anyone nabs me, I've got the dotty bloke's invitation to 'elp 'im."

The dirty man nodded to Mr. Apsley and entered the house. Some silver ornaments commended themselves to his artistic taste, and he was about to appropriate them when the ape suddenly introduced itself.

"Lummy!" gasped the dirty man, staring in open-mouthed amazement at the animal.

Clearly the dirty man did not please the ape. Perhaps it mistook him for another of

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its tribe, for it made a sudden dive at him. The latter dodged, jumped through the open window, and raced across the lawn. It was a clear field, and only one favourite. From his window Mr. Apsley saw the ape catch up the dirty man. He saw one of the ape's limbs shoot out, he wasn't sure which, but he was sure the dirty man must have shot at least thirty feet through the air.

With a satisfied grin on its face, the ape turned towards the house again. It caught sight of Mr. Apsley, and a smile of pleasure crossed its intelligent countenance. It bounded over the lawn, grabbed the creeper, and swung itself up towards the window. Mr. Apsley had not sufficient presence of mind to shut the window; instead he ran to the door, unlocked it, and bolted up the stairs. After him went the ape, chuckling to itself as though it was enjoying the chase. Mr. Apsley bethought himself of the dirty man's aëriel flight, and his speed was really marvellous.

Mr. Apsley . . . saw one of the ape's limbs shoot out, he wasn't sure which, but he was sure the dirty man must have shot at least thirty feet through the air.

Somehow or other, to this day he is not sure how, he managed it. Somehow Mr. Apsley won the next lap, which was round a bedroom. The dismantling honours rested with the ape, however, for it caught sight of another of its race in the wardrobe mirror. It wrecked the latter, and when Mr. Apsley went through the open door like a shot from a rifle, the ape had torn the clothes from the bed, and was adorning itself with a silk-covered eiderdown.

Mr. Apsley's boyhood came back vividly as he went downstairs by means of sliding down the bannisters. He gained the breakfast room again, and once more succeeded in locking the door against his pursuer. Again he ran to the window in hopes of obtaining help. To his joy he saw a man racing along on a bicycle. The newcomer dismounted outside Mr. Apsley's house, and seeing the owner at the window he shouted:

"Have you seen an escaped ape?"

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The ape sidled up to him, and putting out a long, hairy arm, it took Mr. Apsley into an affectionate embrace.

The question aroused Mr. Apsley's latent anger, and with a fine scorn he replied:

"Have I seen anything of an escaped ape?" By his tone he might have met a hundred of the said animals, but the cyclist mistook Mr. Apsley's meaning.

"All right," he shouted. "Keep your hair on."

Then before Mr. Apsley could put matters right, the cyclist jumped on his machine and sped away.

"Hi! hi! Come back!" shrieked Mr. Apsley in despairing accents.

But the cyclist was out of hearing. With a heartrending groan Mr. Apsley collapsed into a chair and began to sob feebly. Presently the stillness in the house awakened Mr. Apsley to his senses. What was going on now, he wondered—could the ape have departed?

His spirits rose at the idea and he jumped to his feet. But his exhilaration was cut short quickly, for he heard the soft padding of the ape in the room above him. Then a cold sweat broke out on the unfortunate man's brow. He had quite forgotten about the baby. The room overhead was the nursery, and here the smallest Apsley was wont to pass the hours of daylight in slumber in order to keep awake at night.

Supposing the ape discovered the baby! Mr. Apsley almost succumbed at the bare idea. Then, suddenly, there was a dull thud on the floor above him. Evidently the ape was playing at ball, and the baby was the ball. A cry of horror left Mr. Aspley's lips; his fatherly instincts triumphed over his terror. He unlocked the door and raced up the stairs to the nursery. At the door of the latter room he paused aghast.

There stood the ape, grinning with pleasure, and in its arms was a small bundle of clothes from one end of which protruded some golden hair. Not a sound came from the bundle, and Mr. Apsley immediately concluded that the baby must be dead—killed by the force with which the ape had hurled it to the floor. Then he suddenly gasped with relief as he remembered that the maid had taken the baby out.

It was a large doll that the ape held. The next moment it threw it on the floor. Then, as Mr. Apsley stood staring at the doll in a dazed manner, the ape executed a masterly flanking movement, and took up a strong position between Mr. Apsley and the door.

"Grrrh! Chuck! Wuck! Burrh!" remarked the ape pleasantly.

Mr. Apsley tried to think of a fitting reply, but all he could recollect was the way in which he was accustomed to address his wife's parrot.

"Pretty Poll!" he murmured feebly.

The ape answered enthusiastically—to Mr. Apsley the remarks sounded like a series of ominous growls.

"Polly have some sugar," he muttered incoherently.

The ape's reply was to make a dive for Mr. Apsley. Back went the latter and dodged behind the baby's cot. The ape seemed to resent this, for it picked up the cot and hurled it through the open widow. It fell down amongst Mr. Apsley's cucumber

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frames, and absolutely wrecked a fine, promising crop.

There was no way of escape now, and with a gasping sob Mr. Apsley fell on his knees. The ape sidled up to him, and putting out a long, hairy arm, it took Mr. Apsley into an affectionate embrace—pressing him against its body. Then it began to smooth the unhappy gentleman's hair with its disengaged hand, whilst Mr. Apsley wondered what it would feel like to be squashed.

Now the ape bared its fangs and moved its great jaws towards Mr. Apsley's face. Apsley shuddered and hung limply in the ape's embrace. Out came the ape's tongue, and it commenced to lick Mr. Apsley's face affectionately.

The sound of footsteps came to the unhappy man's ears. Then he heard a voice—he recognised it as belonging to the dirty man.

"In 'ere, I tell yer it was." Then Apsley heard another voice.

"Not me," said the dirty man. "I've 'ad one taste. You go an' find the brute for yerself. I'll wait outside."

The ape continued to lick Mr. Apsley's face and to stroke his hair. Someone was coming upstairs. Apsley wondered whether the squashing would begin before a spectator. Through the corner of a misty eye he saw a man in the doorway. It was the cyclist—a broad grin was on his face.

"Peter, you old fool!" he said. "Come here."

The ape chuckled, dropped Mr. Apsley to the floor, sidled over to the cyclist, and began to rub itself against him.

"It's got you too," murmured Mr. Apsley feebly. "We'll both be killed."

"Killed!" repeated the cyclist scornfully. "Why, old Peter wouldn't hurt a fly. Would you, old man?"

The ape replied in its own language.

"Go and shake hands with the gentleman," commanded the cyclist.

To Mr. Apsley's alarm the ape waddled towards him, its arm outstretched. As in a dream Apsley grabbed the hairy paw and shook it.

"Given you a bit of a fright, I s'pose?" said the cyclist.

"Oh no," replied Mr. Apsley resentfully. "I've quite enjoyed your friend's company. Bring him to dinner to-night, will you?"

"Thanks," snapped the cyclist. "We're rather careful whom we mix with, aren't we Peter? Come on, old man."

He stalked from the room, the ape waddling behind him, and made his way down the stairs. Mr. Apsley followed and renewed his acquaintance with the whisky decanter.

The case, Apsley v. Wigley's Menageries, Ltd., is still being heard in the Courts.

THE BORE.

I.

I stick to people like a leech,
Each tries to shake me off, and each
Endeavours to intrude his speech—
In vain.
When at the club I sit and spin
A yarn, and someone else comes in
And interrupts me, I begin
Again.

II.

When in the park I meet a stray
Friend walking with his fiancée,
Who says—from mere politeness—"Pray
Come too,"
Or when I've bored a friend of mine
From half-past four till nearly nine,
And then he says: "Do stop and dine I"
I do.

III.

If anyone's invited me
To go to luncheon or to tea,
I generally go on the
Wrong day,
Or else I'm there an hour or so
Ere the beginning of the show,
And always am the last to go
Away.

IV.

My sixteen children say I bore
Them every day a little more.
When (I am only fifty-four)
I die,
They naturally will be glad;
But, as for boring, I must add
That they are ev'ry one as bad
As I.

R. E. W. Chafy.

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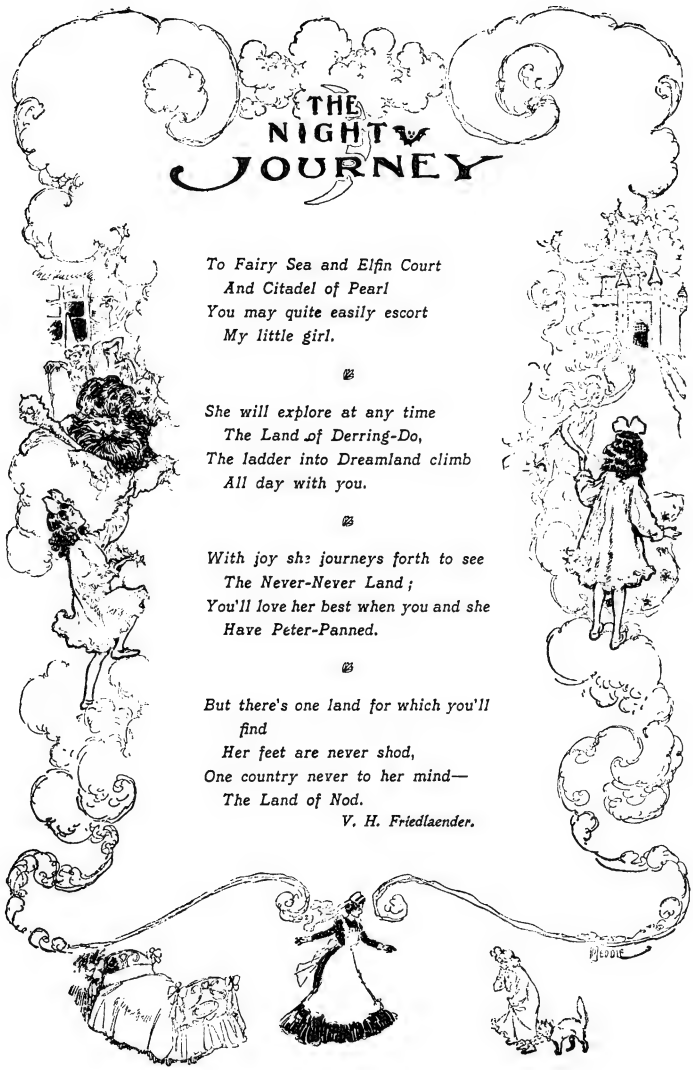
THE NIGHTY JOURNEY
To Fairy Sea and Elfin Court
And Citadel of Pearl
You may quite easily escort
My little girl.
She will explore at any time
The Land of Derring-Do,
The ladder into Dreamland climb
All day with you.
With joy she journeys forth to see
The Never-Never Land;
You'll love her best when you and she
Have Peter-Panned.
But there's one land for which you'll find
Her feet are never shod,
One country never to her mind—
The Land of Nod.
V. H. Friedlaender.

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Mr. Thomas Humphreys.

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

No. XLVI.—THE FIGHT FOR SPION KOP.

FROM THE NARRATIVE OF MR. THOMAS HUMPHREYS, LATE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT.

AS TOLD TO WALTER WOOD.

One of the best known events in the South African War was the brilliant capture and the sensational evacuation of Spion Kop during Buller's advance to the relief of Ladysmith. Spion Kop is about fifteen hundred feet above the Tugela River, and, straight as the crow flies, is about thirty miles south-west of Ladysmith. The name means Spy Hill, because in 1835 the Boer trekkers first looked upon Natal from it. The taking and holding of Spion Kop, in the opinion of the Boers, meant the defeat of themselves and the relief of Ladysmith. On January 23rd and 24th, 1900, Spion Kop was captured; but being exposed to a raking shell fire it was abandoned, an act which led to much bitter controversy. In the operations the total British loss was nearly 1500, while the Boers had 53 killed. Mr. Humphreys was in the 2nd Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment at Spion Kop, and lost a leg, which was shattered by a shell.

THEY call my old battalion the "Pothooks," because of its regimental number, the 77th. The 1st Battalion is the "Die Hards," for at Albuhera, in the Peninsula, the colonel kept on shouting: "Die hard, my men! Die hard!" And they did.

You needed human pothooks for the fighting on the rocky crags at Spion Kop; and diehards to hold a place at all on the terrible plateau which was swept by the fiercest of the shell and pom-pom fire. There are many who say—and, of course, having been there, I agree with them—that of all the heavy fighting in South Africa the storm and capture of Spion Kop was the worst.

We were marching on to Ladysmith, about twenty thousand infantry, three thousand cavalry, and sixty guns of various sorts, big and little, long and short. I was in Coke's Brigade, which was made up of Imperial Light Infantry, the 2nd Somerset, the 2nd Dorset, and the 2nd Middlesex—the "Pothooks."

Buller's army was near enough to Ladysmith to see the beleaguered people signalling for help; to watch the winking of the heliograph in the burning sun. They wanted us to meet them, and we were just as keen and fierce to join our hands with theirs. Few there were amongst us who had not had enough already of the almost unendurable privations of marching, and the incessant harassing of an enemy that never seemed to rest or sleep, and had a way of hiding and remaining invisible that would have done credit to a marmot.

But of all that vast procession of British troops, only a very small proportion had a share in the struggle for Spion Kop—I mean the actual combat on the barren hill itself. The country round about the Kop was held by a brave and stubborn opponent, and he barred our way in the most determined fashion.

In an advance like this there comes, first of all, the artillery duel; and I do not think that in modern warfare there has been anything to beat the pounding of our guns, big and little. Hour after hour the cannonade continued, the yapping of the small weapons mingling with the deep, terrific roar of the long naval guns and the bellow of the howitzers. Yard after yard we forged ahead, until at last, after two days' ceaseless effort, we were near the point where the final dreadful contest for the Kop took place.

During all that time the shot and shell had whizzed and whistled over us, and under cover of the hail of metal we had laboured far enough to make ready for the storming of the trenches which the Boers had made

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on Spion Kop, and out of which it was imperative to drive them before we could continue our advance to the relief of the soldiers and civilians who were bottled up in Ladysmith.

A day of rest came on January 22nd—rest on the ground which had been so laboriously won after many hard days' work. Then at night the first part of the assault was made, and it ended in the capture in the most gallant and brilliant manner of the crest of the Kop.

That bit of work was done by the Lancashire battalions.

In the dead of a dark, rainy night they had climbed and crawled up two thousand feet of almost hopeless hill; and in the morning, when the heavy mist had cleared away, they stood triumphant on the summit.

They had done at Spion Kop what the Boers accomplished at Majuba.

General Woodgate, who was in command, was in possession of a great part of a plateau, an enormously long but narrow ridge, so narrow that it was not possible for troops to form up in large bodies, but only in very small numbers—tiny clusters, in fact. But it was soon clear that the plateau was about the worst of places to have won, for it was open to a terrible and deadly artillery and rifle fire from the Boers, and a cross fire at that.

Soon after the General had looked round from the height which he had gained he was mortally wounded by a bullet which struck him in the head, near the right eye. As they carried him to the dressing-station he ordered that an urgent message for help should be heliographed. He was obeyed; but a shell smashed the instrument as it flashed its terrible appeal, and the gallant signaller finished with his flags.

Now it was that I and my comrades, with the 2nd Dorsets, began the scaling of the Kop. We were the nearest to give help, and, in answer to the message from the plateau, General Warren had signalled that he was sending two battalions up.

"Hold to the last," he ordered, "and no surrender!"

It is hard to make you understand what that storming meant.

I had served seven years in India, and had done some pretty tough work in the hot weather; but it was as nothing compared with this assault of Spion Kop. There had been the days of long, hard marching, the want of proper rest and sleep, the incessant pounding of the guns; and now, with rifle, bayonet, and eighty rounds of ammunition to carry, we were to struggle up the rugged hill, from rock to rock, to reinforce men on an open space which had no artillery to defend it, and which was swept at leisure by Boer gunners and marksmen, who could not be seen.

It was only the rifle against the gun, and the odds seemed hopeless; yet with fierce enthusiasm we began the storming.

Pothooks we were called by nickname; pothooks we became in very truth, for we had to climb and clutch to make ascent at all. When there was a bit of fairly level ground we scrambled over it; when the ridges barred our way we had to overcome and win them with a wonderful display of gymnastics. It was more like an acrobatic performance than an assault by British infantry. Bodies were bent and used for supports in getting up; then the man who was on the ridge bent down and lugged a comrade up, while the men below gave him leg-lift. Our officers, wonderfully lithe and active, armed like us, and dressed like us so closely that you could not tell them, at a distance, from privates, cheered and encouraged us, and showed us how to do it, as they always do in time of action. They know how to lead, and we, I think, know how to follow.

Staff-officers, shorn of all their glory, on foot like us, because that was the only way on Spion Kop, hurried past us, excited, anxious, strained, and troubled. Who could be otherwise in face of such a desperate situation?

"Keep up to it, men!" they shouted. "Go ahead and keep on climbing. Mountain guns are being hurried up. We shall get them to the plateau!"

To a man who knows India, and what the little mountain guns can do—the *kutchi* batteries, as we call them in the East—you cannot offer better encouragement than the promise of their wonderful assistance. They can be hauled up the most unpromising eminences; and I for one, at any rate, knew that if we had the help of them we should be infinitely better off than with rifle-fire alone. But I had my doubts as to whether they could get even the handy small weapon up Spion Kop—the gun that takes to pieces and can be conveyed pretty well anywhere. You see, if it was necessary for men to pull each other up the Kop, it was scarcely likely that gun and gear could be handled and carried or dragged up to the plateau. As a matter of fact, not a mountain gun was taken up the

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Spion slopes. They could not even get a Maxim to the plateau.

We toiled upward, slowly, in the sweltering heat, almost cursing the very weapons on which we had to rely for our existence. We had left our greatcoats at the foot of the hill. We were free of the weight of them, but many a man, when the bitter night came, who was lying helpless on the barren heights, would have given almost life itself for the despised covering which he had looked upon as a burden.

I do not exaggerate when I say that, on reaching the plateau, as we did at last, we were in the thick of a very hell of fire—not rifle-fire, but the infinitely more merciless and destructive shell-fire. It was terrible to see the havoc which had been wrought already; pitiful to notice the dead, and unendurable to look upon the wounded. It was marvellous that human beings could live at all; yet the valiant men of Lancashire were holding grimly on, despite what looked like certain death. As soon as I could get to work with my Lee-Metford I began to fire. Wherever I saw a sign of man in the distance I let a bullet go. For the most part, I am sure, the ammunition was wasted; but in many shots some are sure to be effective. You can empty a magazine swiftly, and each man had eighty rounds; besides, fresh supplies came up, and the pouches were refilled, emptied, and refilled again.

I believe that during the day I myself fired at least two hundred rounds. Other men did the same, so that, although the band of soldiers on the plateau was small, yet the total number of rounds of ammunition used was very large.

I should not like to calculate the weight of the shot and shell which swept the plateau, nor how many came each minute. Not everyone did mischief; if that had happened there would not have been a living soul on Spion Kop. Rifle bullets are terrible things as wound creators, bayonets are worse; but neither of them can be named in the same breath as a shell wound. This is too awful, yet most of the injury on Spion Kop was caused by shell.

It was a bitter, merciless battle. Men on both sides fought to kill, and so to win. It was the only way. May I be evermore spared from looking on such a scene, and sharing in such a struggle.

Tragedies occurred on every hand, and on every hand, too, were seen such deeds of heroism as you sometimes think and dream of, but never expect to witness; and such endurance and tenacity as you can get only from men who are stubbornly and heroically led.

We had got used to shell fire by that time; but not to such a withering cannonade as we were forced to face on Spion Kop. Hot, sweating, tired, mad with thirst, we gained the plateau, and set out to hold it. Water was wanted, but it was not to be had, and so, with parched mouths, we went on firing.

If you can get very near your enemy and use the bayonet, there is at any rate some satisfaction; but there we were, mere targets, scarcely seeing a Boer, although at times they got so near us, under cover, that I do not think more than fifty yards separated the two forces. Nor could we get at our food, although within easy reach were Irish stew rations—one for every two men. They were "iron" or emergency rations; but we left them where they were. They were not worth shell fire just then. If it comes to that, we were in a big enough stew ourselves, without falling back on the Maconochie productions.

The bursting shells made a veritable hell of the plateau. It was miraculous that men could live in such a fire, and that troops could hold the ground they had won, especially with such sights to look upon as they saw on every hand.

Torn by the shot and shell earlier in the morning, the Lancashire Fusiliers had suffered terribly. My own battalion was baptised in blood as soon as it reinforced the north countrymen.

Captain Muriel, one of our company officers, stopped for a moment to give a wounded man a cigarette. He was shot through the cheek while doing it. Undaunted he held on to his post, and led his company until he was struck by a bullet. This time he fell and did not rise, for the bullet had gone through his brain.

Very near me was my own sergeant—Murphy. I heard one of the awful sounds which told of somebody being struck by a shell, then a cry of "My God"!

I looked at the spot where I had seen the sergeant standing, and saw that the shell had torn both his legs away. What was left of him was lying on the ground, where he bled to death.

More pitiless still was another shell, which came and killed four men in a cluster. They literally seemed, when I saw them, as if they were on fire, and their clothes smouldered. Corporal Cakebread was amongst them.

In front of me also was a man of the Lancaster Regiment named Mallow. We

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were all mixed up by that time, irrespective of regiments. We clustered and huddled as best we could. There was no ceremony about it—we simply and solely wished to get as well out of the way of the shells as possible.

A pom-pom screeched past me. I looked and saw a ghastly sight. Mallow was staggering on a bit, just two or three steps, without his head, for the pom-pom had carried it away.

It was death, or worse, to be in the open, and an almost certain fate befel the man who, being under shelter, dared to show even so much as his head. Shell or bullet would account for him. I saw a man of the Durham Light Infantry peep round the corner of a little kopje where he was sheltering. Instantly a pom-pom smashed his head against the side, and he fell to the ground.

Even the dead were struck or riddled as they lay, and it was not possible for the wounded to escape.

I saw two Natal refugees, as we called them, carrying off a wounded Engineer—those splendid Sappers who did such fine work in making trenches—on a stretcher. Both of them were struck, and became as helpless as the burden they were bearing.

It was all terrible beyond expression, yet we held on. We had been sent off with the order of "No surrender!" and we were doing our utmost to obey. And in that attempt we had one of the finest and most thrilling examples that ever fell to the lot of British troops in action.

General Woodgate had fallen—I saw him borne away to the dressing hospital—and his place had been taken by Colonel Thorneycroft. Men were wavering—of some it could be said that they were missing, which meant that the enemy had got them. Ammunition had been shot away or could not be obtained.

It had taken us three hours of incessant toiling to reach the plateau and to get within the zone of shell fire. The pluck had vanished from a mere handful of soldiers—three dozen or so—and they had gone so far towards caving in that they had thrown their rifles down and were making their way towards the spot where the enemy was to give themselves up.

The Boers were coming on to take the fruits of what they thought would be their victory and the capture of the hill.

It was a moment of the gravest, sternest peril. If these men surrendered, who was to say that the day would be ours, and that Spion Kop, won at such a dreadful sacrifice, would be kept?

Suddenly a man of gigantic stature, himself wounded, hurried after the handful who were giving themselves up.

The men in khaki were on the very point of putting themselves into the hands of the Boers, who were armed, and waving white flags or rags.

The big man rushed to the front and roared to the leader of the enemy, telling him to take his men back with him and go to—— "I'll have no surrenders here!" he shouted. Then he added: "Follow me, men!"

They obeyed, and he led them back to where the good old Pothooks were lying, and put heart of grace into the lot of them and us.

That was Colonel Thorneycroft. He was a valiant leader, and where you get a British officer like that you have men who don't surrender while there is a chance at all of life and victory.

Throughout the whole of that appalling afternoon we went on fighting. I settled down to it in the most dogged manner. I was caked and choked with dust and parched with thirst, and I was hungry; but food didn't count at such a time. I only wanted something to drink—and there was no water or other liquid to be had.

I had been marvellously, miraculously fortunate. Men had been killed and maimed all around me, yet so far I had escaped without a scratch. I began to think that it would be my luck to get away from Spion Kop with a sound skin.

So certain was I that I was safe that I turned to a comrade and said laughingly: "We're lucky to be here all the time without being plugged. It's nearly dark, and as soon as the 'Cease fire' sounds we shall be able to celebrate our escape from a jolly hot hole. Besides, they'll send reinforcements." Reinforcements never came, as a matter of fact; but I needn't dwell on that. They couldn't get where they were wanted.

You see, amongst other things, a shell had come and struck the ground at the very feet of four of us, yet we had escaped without a scratch. It could not have been a shrapnel, because it never burst; I daresay it was a common shell in which the fuse would not act. There had been some wonderful escapes, too, amongst them that of Sergeant Phillips, who was struck by a bullet which buried itself in his report-book. Another man had been hit on the nose by a bullet—

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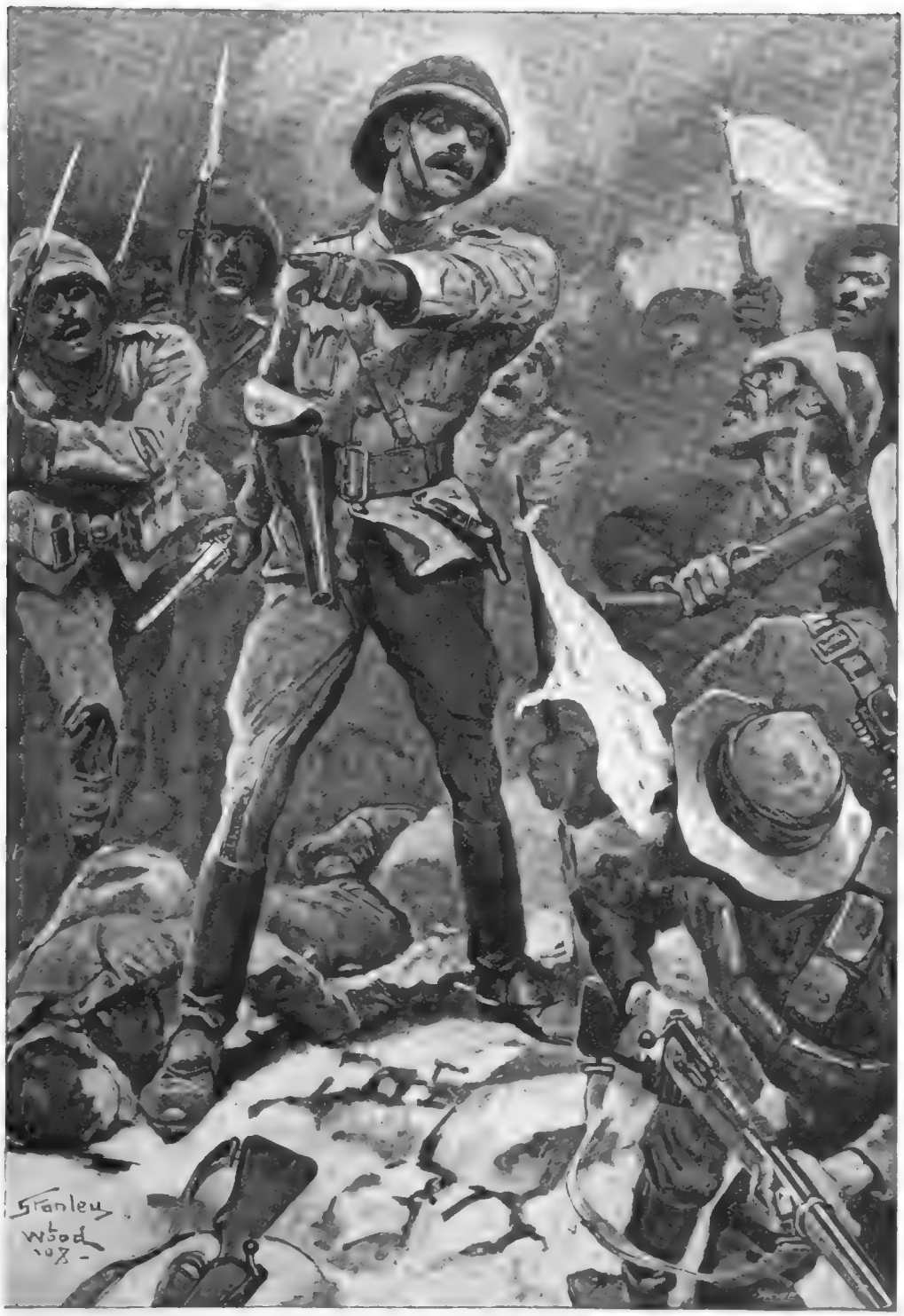

The big man rushed to the front . . . "I'll have no surrenders here!" he said.

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which, luckily for him, was a spent one. He picked the bullet out and made a joke about it.

The day was waning and the swift night was coming on.

I was thankfully looking forward to the ending of the firing, till the day at any rate, when I felt a queer, dull thud on my left leg.

I looked to see what had happened, and sank to the ground, for a fifteen-pound shell had taken off the leg completely, trousers, puttie, sock, and boot. I never saw it; I don't know where it was carried—and I didn't wish to learn. The same shell took off the leg of another man of my regiment called Pasby and smashed his other foot.

I was perfectly conscious. I knew what had happened; but, believe me, I did not feel any real pain. There was only a strange numbness, and the horror of knowing that the dreadful thing had happened.

I dragged myself away from my comrades and crawled instinctively to a place of shelter, just as a wounded animal would have done. I got into a little place of refuge which was made by a couple of small kopjes—a sort of crevice. As I reached it another shell dropped at the very side of me.

For nearly an hour, as far as I can tell, I lay in my hiding-place, craving for water, hoping for help. I knew that unless I could be quickly taken into hospital I should die of exhaustion and loss of blood. The wonder is that I lived at all; yet at last, when it was dark, a surgeon and a sergeant came, and their arrival was at the very moment when another shell buried itself in the hard ground. It was only shells that seemed to have the power of penetrating the rocky face of Spion Kop.

"Are you all right?" shouted the doctor to the sergeant.

"Yes, sir," the sergeant told him.

"Then you're a lucky man," replied the doctor. "It seems to me that these poor, wounded fellows are drawing all the rest of the fire on them."

The doctor stopped the bleeding with a tourniquet, and I watched him do it, strangely fascinated. Then they made an ambulance for me—a couple of rifles and slings, and two of my own comrades began to carry me down the Kop.

They were utterly worn out and exhausted and the task was too much for them. They turned to an officer who was leading away what was left of the Scottish Rifles, and he ordered a dozen of his men to take charge of me in turn.

"Put me down, and let me die, for God's sake!" I begged them piteously, for it was terrible now to be carried and jolted down the rocks. Every movement was a torture to me; but they held on with their task, and at last my own two comrades again took charge of me.

I became unconscious at last, not because of my pain, but owing to the spirits with which they supplied me on that awful downward journey. I remember, however, being outside the operating tent, waiting in a pitiful crowd for my turn to come. After that I knew nothing till next day, and then I found that it was all over and that my leg was represented by a stump.

That was the end for the time being to something like ten days of the most terrible hardships you can imagine; but the finish did not come even then. I made the close acquaintance of a Scotch cart and a bullock waggon; I knew what it was to have to lie almost unattended on a stretcher, because fighting was still going on, and the army which had been victorious was being drawn away by its leader. Once only in seven days was I dressed, and that was when I was sent to Mori River with the wounded.

I had the personal attention of some of the ablest surgeons in the world—Sir Frederick Treves, Sir William McCormack, and Sir William Stokes; and the devoted care of a nurse who was afterwards in attendance on the King himself. At one time I was rigged up in a suit of pyjamas which a kind lady had sent out for the use of sick and wounded troops.

There are funny incidents even in such dreadful times as those. I had lost my left leg; another man had parted with his right foot. Each of us was in need of a boot, and the authorities, who have no sentiment, divided a pair between us. I took the left and the other man got its brother. The country saved something on the deal.

I knew as I was being carried down the rugged, merciless face of Spion Kop that we were not going to hold what we had won, for the order to retire had been given.

In time I was home again, luckier than the poor fellows who were buried in the trenches on the Kop, and the years that have passed have brought us into friendly touch with our brave and stubborn foes.

Last year I was working at Olympia. Many of the Boer leaders visited the exhibition and took a deep interest in the old soldiers who were present—the men who had been wounded in the war.

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I dragged myself away from my comrades, and crawled instinctively to a place of shelter, just as a wounded animal would have done.

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THE PLOT AND THE PLANS

The Story of a Stern and Long Chase.

By J. Russell Warren.

THERE was no doubt about it. I had been a fool. I admit it frankly. I had jabbered a great deal too freely to Freda Stromberg.

But, you see, I was young, loose-tongued, and enthusiastic. I wanted someone to confide in. Someone I could impart my ambitions and aspirations to, my defeats and difficulties.

And in Freda I found just the sympathetic, intelligent sort of listener I wanted.

I really didn't tell her much that mattered—bar the situation of the workshop, that was a silly thing to do!—and—but it's no good making excuses. I said too much, and that's all about it.

I don't believe I thought twice about her being a German, either. To be correct, she wasn't. She was an Alsatian. Came from Strasburg. An Alsatian, with a clear, white skin, jet-black hair, and the loveliest of dark, almond eyes. And she'd been in England ever since she was little more than a kid.

I found her in Schmidt's Continental Restaurant, which, barring that the waiters and waitresses all hailed from *der Vaterland*, was no more Continental than a Spiers & Pond refreshment buffet. Freda wasn't an ordinary waitress, mind you. She was a regular cultured, refined girl. To use a horrible expression, she was "quite a lady." I gathered that her people had come down in the world. She never said so, for Germans are so much more sensitive to a descent in the social scale than English folk. Freda must have been absolutely starving to have taken a job as a waitress. But it was pretty plain that she, or at any rate her people, had seen better days.

Well, after I'd been to the War Office that day, I dropped into Schmidt's for my usual lager.

I suppose I showed my excitement a little. Anyway Freda noticed it as soon as she came across to my table. And like a woman she jumped at what it was all about at once.

"Well, and how is der aeroplane?" she asked smiling.

"Ripping!" I told her, like an enthusiastic young idiot. "I've got a man coming down from the War Office to have a look at it to-morrow morning. I shall get the car out and drive down there to-night, so as to get things ship-shape. Freda, this'll make my fortune."

"I hope it will," she answered shyly.

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"Yes, and—what the blazes is Carl staring like that for?"

For one of the waiters was standing at his table a little way off, eyeing me sideways, with his head in much about the position of a man listening at a keyhole.

"What the dickens is the matter with him?" I said.

"I expect he is a little interested," she said. "He is an inventor himself, zhust a little, is Carl."

She spoke hurriedly, and it struck me then that she seemed sort of embarrassed.

Then a customer close by—a chap with a spiky moustache—swore a horrible German oath at the statuesque Carl, and sent him off lager-fetching with a flea in his ear. When I left the place I saw him haranguing the unfortunate waiter in an undertone.

* * * * *

I went back to my digs., packed a few things into a suit-case, got the car out of the garage, and started off.

I made the journey down to Newtown in record time that evening. I've got a 30—35 Daimler, you know, and you couldn't find a faster or an all round better little car of her size on the roads. I noticed that it was a quarter to ten by the post-office clock when I pulled up to see if there were any letters for me.

There weren't, and I jumped in again and started her off for the workshop. It was ten miles farther along the main Medchester road, and then you went three miles up a little side lane. It was splendidly hidden, the workshop. A long, crescent-shaped hill concealed it from the distant town. A wood screened it on the other side. Only one end faced the open moor. And no one passing the end of the lane would think it led to anywhere at all.

The place looked forbiddingly silent and desolate as I drew up at the door. The windows, of course, were in the roof, and the sheer black walls loomed up in the moonlight with sombre effect. If I hadn't been so jolly enthusiastic, I think it would have depressed me.

Taking one of the small lamps off its bracket, I flashed a light on the keyhole, inserted my key, opened the door, and stepped in. The electric light switch was just at my right hand. I pressed it down, and the great, dark barn of a building was flooded with light.

I placed the lamp on the table and turned to shut the door. Then I gasped. I was looking into the wicked little muzzle of a revolver.

"I must ask you to hold up your hands," said a guttural German voice.

Behind the pistol I recognised the face of the spiky-moustached gentleman I had seen in the café.

"How the blazes did you get here?" I asked in astonishment.

"Hold up your hands!" he shouted, stamping his foot.

I obeyed. There was nothing else for it.

"Now walk into der shed."

I walked in, cursing my luck.

"Stand by dat pillar."

I did so, and the brute, still covering me with the revolver, coolly began to tie me to the post with some cord.

"What does all this tomfoolery mean?" I demanded.

"Soft," he purred. "We will talk afterwards, Herr Agincourt."

"Who are you, anyway?"

"My name, Herr Inventor, is Braun, Hans Braun of der Secret Service."

He finished lashing me up, and stepped back with his head on one side, like a third-rate artist. I wriggled. But the brute knew what he was doing. I was secured with the most diabolical cuteness. I could not move a limb.

"How did you get here? What do you want? What on earth do you mean by it?"

He laughed. If I were not afraid of being accused of undue prejudice, I should say he guffawed.

"One question at a time, my friend," he said, regarding me with cool insolence. "I came down here in der back of your car. I from der restaurant followed you, and slipped under der back seat while you was gone into der garage for der can of petrol."

"But what for? What's it all about?" I reiterated, though I knew well enough by this time.

"Can't you guess? You have an aeroplane invented—yes. In your pocket you have der plans. I want them for my Government. I must have them now, or your War Office man will get them, and then they are lost to me."

"You scoundrel," I remarked, struggling with my bonds.

He seated himself in my armchair and helped himself to a whisky and soda.

"You will do yourself no good by that struggling and swearing. Where are those plans?"

I said I'd see him in a different atmosphere before I told him.

"Then I shall have to find them. It makes

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The door was flung open, and a woman ran in—a woman clad in cap and apron with a motor cloak just flung over them.

great fool. So I swear at him. *Donner-und-blitzen*, I did say——"

"Yes, I heard you," I cut in curtly.

"Der Freda, she have not much about you say der last few months. She not like"—he glanced at me keenly—"to say very much about you. But it is not—not—what you say—not necessary. We overhear, Carl and I. We know where this workshop is. I follow you, as I told you, and slip into der back of der motor."

I swore.

He changed the subject, as if conscious of wasting time.

"Der plans are in der inside pocket of der jacket," he said.

I could not repress a start. He grinned.

"You will not to me give them? Then I must take them. If you attempt to struggle I shall your brains blow out."

Covering me cautiously with the revolver, he placed his dirty hand inside the pocket of my coat and took out the precious plans.

I tugged and strained at those beastly ropes, but it was no good. I only cut my wrists and ankles and wore myself out.

"Good!" he said, and tucked the plans away safely in his pocket-book. "Now to smash der model."

He moved towards the precious thing. Then he stopped, listening. I pricked up my ears. There was an oddly familiar sound drifting in from outside. The throb-throb of a petrol engine coming rapidly nearer and nearer, the whirr of wheels. A car was speeding up the drive!

* * * * *

Braun stood irresolute for a moment, eyeing the model and me in turn, as if uncertain which he had better "smash." But the car was simply racing up—that was as plain as a pikestaff. He decided that he had

no matter. I will der plans take, and then I will der model smash." He nodded at the miniature aeroplane—work of many weary months—over in the corner, "and then I go back to my Vaterland, and I get special recommended."

His little blue eyes sparkled with enjoyment. His thick, fat lips widened into a grin that showed his ugly teeth. His spiky moustache fairly reached the perpendicular in the excess of his delight.

"I can't make out how you found out all about me—and the aeroplane," I cried.

"Freda told me," he answered laconically.

I started.

"*Ja*, Fraülein Stromberg. She is of der Secret Service. She found out all about you and tell us. We find out all we can about this workshop from der outside, you understand, and we watch carefully. Then this afternoon I go into der café, and I hear you say that you motor down here to-night, for der War Office man to get ready. Carl, he stare and he gape at you so. He was der

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no time to do either. He strode hurriedly to the door, buttoning up his coat.

"*Auf wiedersehen, mein herr!*" I said mockingly.

I was in despair at the loss of my plans, and stiff and numbed. But I wasn't going to let this beast of a German know it.

He hadn't even the politeness to swear at me. He ran out into the night, pulling the door behind him. Fortunately it didn't catch. The next minute I heard the Daimler starting. Her engine throbbed spasmodically as he let in the clutch, then settled down into a regular beat, rapidly dying away into the distance.

Next minute the approaching car fairly thundered to the door and pulled up with a rasping and grinding of brakes. The door was flung open, and a woman ran in—a woman clad in cap and apron with a motor cloak just flung over them.

It was Freda!

"Am I too late?" she panted. "Has he gone—yes?"

"Yes," I answered. "But how the deuce did you get here?"

She snatched up a knife from the table and started slashing at my bonds.

"I knew—what they were after," she panted. "As soon as you left der shop I hurry after you. I miss you somehow. Then I meet Mr. Percy, one of der costomers, in his motor. I beg him to follow your car, and he say yes. I show him der way, and here we are!"

As she spoke she unlashed the last coil of rope.

"Come along," she said, catching my arm. "Der car is outside. We must this fellow catch."

I followed her out into the road, bolting the door behind me.

The car, a 40-h.p. Renault, was drawn up just outside the door. A slim young man, whom I had seen dining at Schmidt's more than once, stood on the driving platform with an apologetic air.

"I'm afwaid I must ask you to dwive," he remarked as I came out. "I've spwained my wrist in pulling up, you know."

"Certainly," I said, leaping in. "Know which way that chap went?"

"He seemed to go in that diwection," answered Percy, pointing across the moor.

"He didn't pass you, of course?"

"Oh, dear no."

"And the road's blind at this end. Goes no farther than here. So he must have crossed the moor. Took a short cut into the Medchester road, I reckon. And where he can go, we can, eh?"

"If only the tyres hold," he answered, and leant back languidly.

I jerked off the handbrake, took out the clutch, and shifted the gear into bottom speed. Carefully I let in the clutch again, and the car began to gather speed.

"Hold on tight!" I cried. "She'll bump."

And jamming down the accelerator knob I set her at the moor. I was up on to second, and then on to top speed in no time. We simply flew.

To strike anything like a straight line across the moor was impossible. Hillocks, hollows, and clumps of gorse dotted its surface like plums in a plum duff. It was a jolly good thing the night was clear and moonlight. It would have been madness to attempt anything of the sort in the dark, however good one's lamps might have been. The car bumped from side to side, and we had to cling on like grim death. But where Braun had gone, I reckoned we could go, too. We were carrying three people to his one, but then, the car we were in was a fair spanker.

In a few minutes we saw the long, white ribbon of road in front of us. There was a sharp corner just before it began to ascend Long Hill. I made straight for this. If I struck in just there I cut into the length of the road and went straight on without swerving.

And then we were on it. We simply shot off the bank and landed on the road with a bump that must have strained every bolt and rivet in the car. But she stood it like a brick, and tore on up the long slope as if this sort of thing were a frequent amusement of hers.

Percy, I saw with the tail of my eye, had winced a bit as we came down.

"Shake you up?" I grunted.

"Jarred my wrist, don't you know," he confessed. He smiled, but he was very white.

Freda was in the back of the tonneau, of course, and I couldn't turn round and ask her whether she were shaken to pieces or not.

The car skimmed over the rise like a bird. We saw the whole plain lying before us, the yellow lights of the villages dotted here and there with charming effect.

Percy opened his mouth to speak, but the rush of wind as we shot down the incline took all his available breath away. It was a long slope, and the car gathered impetus at every yard. She skidded on a sharp bend

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with a violence that sent Percy up against my shoulder with a bump, and shot Freda from one side of the tonneau to the other.

Down into the plain we swung, and went racing along the flat, the flying hedges on either side hiding all from us but the road in front. We flew round several awkward corners, and then came a bit of straight, at the end a sharp fork—the main Medchester road on the right, Blind Lane on the left.

Of the two, Blind Lane looked more like the main road, at night time anyway, for it was used a good deal for cattle and haycarts, and that sort of thing. It was the one standing joke of the neighbourhood. Strangers were always losing their way, and taking the wrong turning. If that German brute had done the same—

And, by George Washington, he had! Just as we swung into the straight we saw the lights of a car coming up the lane and taking the hairpin bend into the main road at top speed. It was the Daimler, no other. There were the two big lamps in front of the bonnet, and only the offside small one at the dashboard. The other lay on the table, back in the workshop where I had left it.

He could drive, that fellow. There was no doubt about that. He cut across the triangle of grass, missing the ditch, I should think, by about an inch. He hugged the pointed corner like grim death, dragged his steering wheel hard round, and let the skid of his back wheels straighten him up down the main road. I don't think *I* should have dared attempt it at the rate he was going.

How he must be cursing, I thought to myself, with inward relish. He had lost practically all his lead. He must have gone the whole three miles of the lane, and splashed into the wet ground at the bottom before he discovered his mistake. Then he had to turn—and it must have been beastly awkward—and come all the way back again.

And so we went racing on down the long, winding road, with only half-a-mile or so between him and us. As he swung round a bend sometimes we caught a glimpse of his lights. But for the most part we were chasing a quarry we could not see.

We tore on in silence. The excitement of the chase was too keen and tense for any of us to want to talk. There was not a sound but the steady throb-throb of our engine and the whirring of the wind past our ears. But, though we said not a word, we all knew that we were gaining steadily, yard by yard.

The cross roads were just ahead, the road from Wickham to Oldwich, cutting the Medchester road almost at right angles. And the Coach and Horses—oh, finest of roadside inns!—on the corner.

I thought our friend, the enemy, must slacken down a bit, to say the least of it, for high hedges bordered all four roads, and one never knew what might be coming round the corner. I said to myself:

"We've got him!"

Not a bit of it. He tore on without so much as touching his horn. The man was desperate.

We shot on in his rear. There is a slight rise just before the cross roads, and, as we topped it, Percy looked away to the left at the Wickham road, and cried out:

"By Jove, do you know, there's a cart coming down!"

I grabbed the bulb of the horn, and a hideous honk-honk! blared out a warning. But it was too late. The Daimler had just reached the corner, so had the cart. We saw the car swerve sharp to the right to avoid the impact. The bonnet cleared it all right, but the back of the car swung round and just struck the horse on the offside.

Over went the poor beast, kicking and squealing. Over went the cart, too, in a tumbled heap. And on flew the car, not a whit the worse for the collision.

People came running out of the inn. But we daren't stop. I flung the wheel round to save crashing into the wreck, and we escaped the water trough outside the inn by the very skin of our teeth.

Oakhurst Hill loomed up before us. It was a perfect forest of oaks and elms, and the road wandered between steep banks covered with ferns and bracken. It was a lovely spot—in the daytime. But it was jolly awkward driving then. The overhanging trees shut out practically every scrap of moonlight, and we raced on in pitch darkness. Only the light of our lamps showed the way, and with so many twists and turns in the road it was a marvel we didn't crash into the bank more than once.

At last the crest of the hill, open and moonlit, showed up before us. And there, just topping it, was the Daimler. It swung up, took the curve on the outside, ran up on to the sloping bank, and——

"He's over!" screamed Percy.

He wasn't. The car seemed to hang poised on her off wheels for an impossible space of time, and then came down again on to the level road. We hugged the inside of that corner, and shot down the steep slope on the other side with our hearts in our mouths.

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For three or four miles the road ran level. It was pretty straight too, and we could see how swiftly we were gaining on our quarry. His lead went down by leaps. Now and then we could faintly hear the throbbing of his engine.

We came to a low, bare hill, locally known as the Rise. First the Daimler, and then we, breasted it, and flew over the crest. Halfway down the other side was Penn Farm, and, horror of horrors! a belated haycart stood blocking nearly all the road.

I jammed on both brakes in an instant, and took out my clutch. But the German didn't even slow down. The man was desperate. Reckless wasn't the word for it. The car shinned through the gap between the cart and the hedge by a hair's breadth. Darted at thirty miles an hour through a space that I could have sworn the car couldn't have been squeezed through in broad daylight.

We crawled through, feeling very sick.

He was racing through the long, straggling street of Penn before we were fairly under way again. We had lost terribly.

My hand was getting just the least bit shaky by this time. The rush down from town had tired me a bit, the tying-up I had endured hadn't improved my condition, and the strain of this mad pursuit was telling on me still more. If we didn't catch him soon I knew we should be done.

Over went the poor beast, kicking and squealing. Over went the cart, too, in a tumbled heap.

And before me lay the bridge over Penn river. It was an archaic, one-eyed sort of affair, with just about room for a car to slip through, and no more. And the wall bulged and curved in a heartrending manner. It was a standing bugbear to all motorists down there. I set my teeth and gripped the wheel hard. I flung the car at that narrow-gutted passage like a forlorn hope. We did it. How I shall never know. Somehow or other I held her straight, expecting to crash into the parapet every minute. At one moment it really looked as if we were all gone coons.

But we did it, and swung round into the long, sloping hill that went up the side of Penn Heights.

The road ran along the side of the hill, sloping up at a fairly sharp incline until it reached the top, when it turned at right angles, and cut across and straight on to Medchester.

The hill was a stiff one, and I glanced questioningly at Percy. I didn't know the car and he did.

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"Go on," he said with a nod. "You can keep her at top speed for some distance yet. Don't come down till she begins to labour."

But the German didn't know the Daimler, and dropped to second speed as soon as he breasted the rise. In two minutes he was down to bottom. We overhauled him hand over hand.

The thickly-wooded slope on our left was little better than a precipice, running almost sheer down into Penn Dale, where the river ran through. On our right the ground rose, hardly less steep, and even more thickly studded with trees.

And the road went on up the hillside, getting steeper and steeper as it rose higher. Our engine began to labour heavily. The other car was drawing away. Pressing down the accelerator knob, I jerked the lever down to second and then to low speed. The car leapt forward again and fairly devoured the incline.

We were on the Daimler's very heels now. We could see the dark outline of the car black against the glow of its lamps. Now and again we could even make out the head of the German. And yet he still kept just ahead.

"By Jove! is not this tantalising?" remarked Percy. "Do pwess that accelewator, man!"

The Daimler slewed round a sharp bend, and was hidden for a minute or two.

"Let her wip!" cried Percy, becoming colloquial at last.

I flung the Renault round the bend, just in time to see the other car shoot wildly over the edge of the precipice.

I jerked on my brakes, taking out my clutch. The sparks fairly flew as the back wheels reversed and pulled the car up. We were all flung forward, and, as we picked ourselves up, we could hear a reverberating series of crashes as the wrecked Daimler bumped her way down the slope.

"He did jump out!" panted Freda. "I saw him jump, yes!"

She was panting with breathless excitement. Her eyes were flashing, and her jet-black hair streamed round her. I had never seen her looking so lovely.

We ran forward to where the car had left the road.

"What's that?"

The girl pointed to a dark patch on the other side of the road. I went towards it cautiously.

But there was no need for fear. He was dead. He had flung the car over the cliff, and, jumping out, had broken his neck.

* * * * *

Well, there isn't much more to be told. We put the body in the tonneau, and drove quietly back to the workshop.

The plans were in his pocket, and when the War Office man came down everything was ready for his inspection. His report was favourable. I got a big commission from the Government.

My fortune was made. And I needed it. For a certain little girl named Freda, who played the game against her countrymen for the sake of the man she loved, is helping me to spend it.

And Percy? Why, he's my closest chum now.

And that's all about it.

* * * * * * *

A MEETING, AND A PARTING.

We met, 'twas all too late,
She was too young for me.
With velvet eyes and soft, sweet lips,
For me she was no mate.

You see, she went the pace.
She loved to "go ahead"!
Whilst I, with sober tastes and gait,
Would fain give up "the chase"!

We parted—all too soon!
Crossing a field "full swing,"
And in the broadest daylight too!
Not *under a harvest moon!*

P'r'aps 'twas her fault—p'r'aps mine
All that I know is this:
She was a filly, six years old,
I, a man of fifty-nine!

E. C. Gidley.

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Cap and Bells

CONDIMENTS.

"And the heathens cooked the missionary in his clothes?"

"They did."

"They were hungry, I suppose, and couldn't take time to undress him?"

"No. I expect it was for the seasoning. You see, he had on a pepper-and-salt suit."

* * * * *

THE RIGHT MAN.

TAILOR (to applicant for a job): "We want a good cutter. Have you had much experience in tailoring?"

APPLICANT (with a confident smile): "I never had a suit of clothes ready when I said I would since I've been in the business."

TAILOR: "You'll do. You must be an old hand."

* * * * *

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAIT.

What is done cannot be undone, especially if it be a hard-boiled egg.

* * * * *

NO USE.

MAMMA: "When that boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come and tell me instead of throwing them back?"

LITTLE SON: "Tell you! Why, you couldn't hit a barn door."

* * * * *

AN ACCIDENT.

They left her helpless in the Strand;
Not one would even lend a hand.
A throb! A spasm! All was still.
Some wag remarked: "She *do* seem ill!"

A bustle in the growing crowd!
The jeering butcher boys looked cowed,
The stranger hurried to the spot;
Said he: "You *are* a pretty lot!"

Beside her in the street he knelt;
The breathless silence could be felt.
Five awful minutes there he plied
His remedies. At last! She sighed!

"There now, I think she'll do with care,"
He said. The crowd set up a cheer.
The wag remarked: "Well, what a fuss
To make about a motor-bus!"

R. E. W. Chafy.

* * * * *

MADE TWICE THE WORK.

CUSTOMER: "What's the charge?"

BARBER: "Fourpence."

CUSTOMER: "Fourpence? Why I thought you only charged twopence for a shave?"

BARBER: "Yes, sir; but, you see, you have a double chin."

First Girl: "Where be yer a-goin' with that jug, Sarah Ann?"

Second Girl: "I'm away for a ha'p'orth of cream."

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WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

A Honeymoon Catastrophe.

THE wedding ceremony over, Mr. and Mrs. McGrath arrived at King's Cross *en route* for Scarborough. Mr. McGrath settled his wife in a corner seat and then departed, ostensibly to purchase magazines. It was the sound of a guard's whistle that caused Mr. McGrath to bolt from the bar just in time to see the train on the move. He observed the board on a carriage announcing the destination of the train to be Scarborough, and with the help of a friendly porter he fell into the nearest compartment.

The compartment his wife was in was at the rear of the train, and Mr. McGrath proposed to join Mrs. McGrath at the next stop, which he learnt was at Peterborough. He jumped out at this station, raced up and down the platform, scanning every compartment, and then came to the conclusion that Mrs. Mac must be waiting at King's Cross for him. A moment later he rushed to the ticket office and booked for London.

Now, when Mrs. McGrath had waited a considerable period, she began to grow alarmed. She got out on to the platform and anxiously gazed up and down, but could see no sign of her recent acquisition.

At that moment a porter came along—curiously enough it was the porter who had assisted Mr. McGrath into the train.

"Porter," cried Mrs. McGrath desperately, "have you seen anything of a tall gentleman in a grey check suit?" Then her faith in her husband came to the fore, and she added: "He would probably be carrying some magazines."

"Going to Scarborough, was 'e, mum?"

"Yes."

The porter whistled softly. "That'll be the gent. I just 'elped into the first portion, I'll bet," he muttered.

He then described Mr. McGrath fairly accurately.

"Is that the gent., mum?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. McGrath anxiously.

"Then 'e's made a mistake, an' gone on in the first portion. I 'elped 'im in. You see, mum, this train's run in two portions, an' 'e must have thought that the whole train was on the move."

After a lengthy conference with the porter, Mrs. McGrath decided to go on in the second portion, with the expectation of meeting Mr. McGrath at Peterborough. Of course he was not there—being on his way to London—so Mrs. Mac went on to

With the help of a friendly porter he fell into the nearest compartment.

Unfortunately the gentleman proved to be an Army officer.

Scarborough. Still there was no sign of her husband, and she tearfully sought the aid of the first uniformed male she saw. Unfortunately the gentleman proved to be an Army officer, but he directed her to the station-master, into whose ears Mrs. McGrath poured her tearful story.

"Of course, there's the lost property office," the station-master remarked thoughtfully.

The suggestion met with no approval, and eventually the station-master summoned the guards of the two portions of the Scarborough train. The guard in charge of the first portion recollected seeing Mr. McGrath running towards the London train during the stop at Peterborough.

"He's gone back to London, madam," said the station-master in decided tones. "He evidently did not know the train was in two portions, and he expected to find you waiting for him."

"And what had I better do?" asked Mrs. McGrath tearfully.

"I should go back, madam," the station-master advised. "There is a London train in twenty minutes from now."

Mrs. McGrath acted on this suggestion, and half-an-hour later she was on her way to London.

Meanwhile Mr. McGrath had reached King's Cross, and sought out the departure platform. But no sign of his wife gladdened his eyes. By a strange coincidence he met the porter who had propelled him into the train. That worthy at once recognised him, and hastened up.

"Looking for the lady, sir?" he inquired genially.

Mr. McGrath nearly embraced the porter. "Yes, yes, where is she?" he asked eagerly.

"Gone on to Scarborough, sir." Then the porter told Mr. McGrath of his interview with Mrs. McGrath, and the result.

"Is there a train soon?" the grass widower inquired excitedly.

"One in half-an-hour's time, sir."

And in that train Mr. McGrath travelled to Scarborough. He probably passed his lost wife somewhere near Peterborough. He reached Scarborough about half-past nine, but there was no wife to greet him.

After waiting a few moments he decided to try the station-master, and learnt from this official that Mrs. Mac. had returned to London. With a heart-rending groan he collapsed into the nearest chair. Later on he thought things out, and decided that his wife would wait at King's Cross for him on

[*CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.*]

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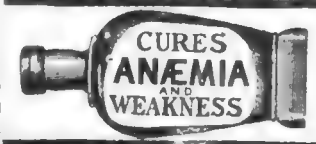
SOVRIL

DR HOMMEL'S



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A Remarkable Book On the Preservation of Health.

DR. ANDREW WILSON, the distinguished authority on Hygienic Science and Health Questions, is evidently a believer in Thomas Carlyle's doctrine that there is no utility in pointing out misfortunes unless you at the same time indicate the remedy.

In his remarkable little book, "The Art of Living," just issued from the press, Dr. Wilson not only points out that "Our first duty to ourselves is to check illness at the outset," but he follows up this admonition with the more welcome information how we are to do it. He, so to speak, says: "You have the evil of ill-health to fight. Now, here's the weapon to fight with. Strike for freedom." For example, he says: "Suppose a person has run down—feels languid and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease.

"Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? In the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour." How? Dr. Wilson tells his reader how without delay, adding at once this remarkable statement: "Probably he will be advised to take a tonic. This in the main is good advice. Unfortunately the number of tonics is legion, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a tonic and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody. I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen."

How the distinguished author found this tonic he tells us in an interesting bit of autobiography. "Recovering from an attack of Influenza," he says, "and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health." It is easy to believe that this experience led the doctor to make a thorough investigation into this specific which had served him so well.

Sanatogen, he tells us, "combines two distinct elements, one tonic and the other nutritive." Further, it is no "secret" remedy, for, as he pertinently observes, "Its composition is well known, otherwise medical men would not prescribe it."

What the tonic and nutritive elements of Sanatogen are, and how they effect so much good, Dr. Wilson describes in simple, convincing terms. The whole passage is too long to quote, but one important remark of the writer may be given—namely, that one of the principal elements of Sanatogen "represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system." How, through regenerating the nervous system, Sanatogen restores the functions of the digestive organs, and by rebuilding the whole body compensates the wear and tear of latter-day life; how it does away with the need of stimulants, and cures the sick by the natural method of making the body strong enough to drive out disease—all this, in the delightful style of Dr. Wilson's language, makes engrossing and pleasant as well as instructive reading. This last contribution of Dr. Wilson to the literature of Health may certainly be calculated to carry joyful news to the ailing and weary.

The sole rights of "The Art of Living," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, having been acquired by the Sanatogen Co., a limited number of complete specimen copies of this interesting publication are available for distribution. A copy will be sent gratis and post free on application to the publishers, F. Williams and Co., 24 Alfred Place, London, W.C., mentioning *Royal Magazine*.

Sanatogen is sold by all chemists in tins from 1/9 to 9/6. [ADVT.]

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the following morning. He spent a miserable, sleepless night, and caught the first train for London in the morning.

Now, when Mrs. McGrath reached King's Cross she hastened to the departure platform. Not a sign of her husband could she see, and she collapsed on to a seat, a forlorn, tearful wreck.

Again that coincident porter turned up—these coincidences will happen. He knew the unhappy lady in a moment, and he hastened to her side.

"He's gone back after you, mum," he said.

"Oh, you've seen him?" Mrs. McGrath cried. 'When did he go?"

"By the 3.25, mum."

"Oh, Henry, Henry, where are you? What shall I do? What shall I do?" wailed the unfortunate girl.

She could not go on to Scarborough that night; still more, she could not go home. She put up at the station hotel, and in the morning travelled north by an early train. It was a slow, and stopped at many stations. Mr. McGrath was travelling south at the same time, and he, too, was in a slow.

Now, Mr. McGrath's train had started much earlier than the one his wife was in, and the two trains passed each other just outside Hitchin—the south-bound train having just left as the north-bound train was slowing up preparatory to stopping.

By another extraordinary coincidence, husband and wife saw each other in their respective trains.

"Alice!" bawled Mr. McGrath.

"Henry!" screeched Mrs. McGrath.

"Wait at Hitchin for me," howled Mr. McGrath.

But, although he did not know it, Mr. McGrath's instructions did not reach his wife's ears owing to the train having got too far away

Mrs McGrath jumped out at Hitchin. She had formulated her plan. As Mr. McGrath's train had only just started she would follow it; he would be sure to get out at the next station and wait for her. She made hasty inquiries, and found that the train Mr. McGrath was in stopped at Stevenage. Accordingly she boarded the next train for Stevenage.

Meanwhile Mr. McGrath had alighted at Stevenage and was waiting impatiently for the next train to Hitchin. One came in after some time and Mr. McGrath climbed in. Just as the train moved out of the station a London train passed it, and in it sat Mrs. McGrath.

Husband and wife saw each other again and sprang to their respective windows. By this time the trains were passing each other rapidly.

"I'll wait for you at Stevenage," cried Mrs. McGrath.

"Follow me to Hitchin," bawled Mr. McGrath.

At Stevenage Mrs. McGrath alighted and crossed to where the London train came in. She consulted a time-table and found that her husband would be able to join her in about an hour's time.

"Thank Heaven!" she murmured. "At last."

Then she sought the refreshment bar and imbibed tea.

With a heartrending groan McGrath collapsed into the nearest chair.

Mr. McGrath reached Hitchin and copied his wife's proceedings with one exception, which was that he imbibed whisky instead of tea. Furthermore, he took the whisky neat.

At their respective stations husband and wife waited impatiently. Trains came in and trains departed, but no train brought that which each sought.

As train after train came in Mr. McGrath grew more and more despondent.

"Great Heavens! Where is she now—Scarborough or London?" he muttered, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

At Stevenage Mrs. McGrath wept bitterly in the ladies' waiting-room.

"Supposing we go on like this for ever," she murmured. "Supposing we never meet again."

Just then a porter put his head into the waiting-room.

"'Scuse me, mum," he said. "Is your name McGrath?"

"Yes, yes, that's my name."

"There's a gent waiting to speak to you on the telephone, mum," the porter continued with a broad grin. "He says I'm not to let you out o' my sight until you're in a 'Itchin train, an' 'e says you're to give me 'alf-a-crown."

Mrs. McGrath arose unsteadily. She wanted to kiss the porter, but prudence prevailed, and she followed him to the telephone. Here she heard her husband's voice again and took his instructions.

She left the office to find the porter waiting.

"This way, mum," he said, still grinning.

He led Mrs. McGrath to a Hitchin train and put her into a compartment, and at length she fell into her husband's arms at Hitchin.

They had each lost several pounds (of both sorts), but at any rate, they really did reach Scarborough.

A porter put his head into the waiting-room. "'Scuse me mum," he said. "Is your name McGrath?"

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HOW MISS JONES TRAINED HER DOG.

[CAP AND BELLS continued overleaf.]

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THE DOMESTIC CATECHISM.

A thin, tired-looking man entered a printing-office the other day, and, approaching the proprietor, said:

"I want to have a list printed. Suppose you write it down as I tell you."

The proprietor made ready, and the man said:

"Yes, I'm sure I locked the front door. Have you got that?"

"Yes; but I don't understand."

"Never mind; don't interrupt me till I have finished. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"I turned out the light in the bathroom."

"All right; I've got it.'

"The kitchen windows are fastened." "Yes."

"The dog is in the cellar." "Yes."

"I didn't forget to put ashes on the kitchen fire." "Yes."

"The servants are all in." "Yes."

"The stable door is locked." "Yes."

"The kitten is out of doors." "Yes."

"I turned off the draughts of the range." "Yes."

"No, I do not smell smoke. No, the water is not running in the bathroom." "Yes."

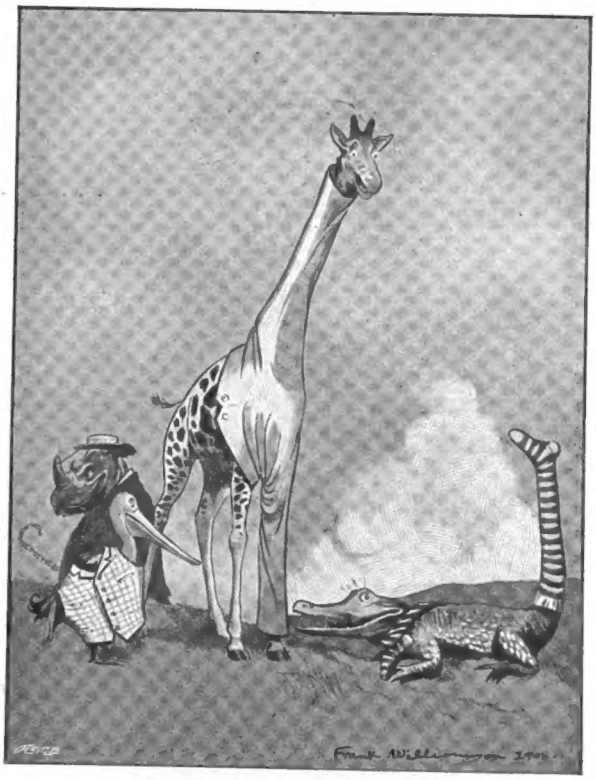
"I do not think I hear anyone trying to get into the house." "Yes."

"No, that is not our dog barking; it's the one next door." "Yes."

"It is not necessary to go down and see if the cellar door is fastened. I know it is." "Yes."

"That is nobody—it is only the wind rattling the shutters." "Yes."

"Well, I think that's about all. You see, my wife asks me certain questions every night just as I am getting into bed, and if I had a printed list I could show it to her; it would save lots of trouble. Have the lists printed as soon as possible, please."



Masculine modes in South Africa.

"Don't you like the cake, dear? It should be all right. I made it from the cookery book."

"That must be a part of the binding I have just swallowed."

EXPLAINED.

"Why, Jones, what a stranger you are. Where have you been so long?"

"I haven't been able to be out for the last two years. You see, the party for whom I have been working does not think it proper to allow his workmen outside the building."

"A grinding monopoly. No wonder you left them. For whom were you working?"

"For the State."

"Oh!"

* *

A playwright once had a play at the Odeon in Paris, and at the same time an adaptation of "Othello" was being rehearsed at the same theatre. One morning he called to see the manager.

"What name shall I give, monsieur?" asked the doorkeeper.

"Tell M. Porelo that the English author whose play he has accepted desires to see him."

The doorkeeper went towards the manager's room.

"There is a gentleman in the hall who tells me he is the English author whose play has just been accepted," he said to him.

"Quite right," answered the manager; "send him in. Monsieur Shakespeare, no doubt."

* * *

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF PENNY-IN-SLOT COMPANY: "How were the profits this month?"

CASHIER: "Less than usual. The receipts were not much greater than the expenses."

MANAGING DIRECTOR: "Humph! Some of the machines must have been in order."

* * *

A correspondent has such a cold in his head that he can't wash his face without freezing the water

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

The Photograph Competition and a Few Words.

THE THIRD PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION RESULT.

THE result of this competition has been particularly interesting. The two subjects which the competitors had to tackle were entitled "My Sunday Best," and "The Morning Dip." I have received a very large number of attempts, many, indeed most, of the competitors having tried their luck in both the subjects. But incomparably the better are the photographs illustrating "The Morning Dip." Of course it offers far more opportunities than "My Sunday Best." There is a monotony, a sameness of pose, rather a lack of enterprise in the photographs presenting children in their Sunday-go-to-meeting garments, and, unfortunately, those few who have shown originality of conception have not been equally successful from a technical point of view. Turning from these to the bathing and batheing photographs, I can only say that I was delighted with the result. I had purposely left competitors a free hand—they could either snap their subjects taking a dip in the sea or being scrubbed at home, and, in consequence, the attempts are extraordinarily varied and interesting. The final choice lay between four photographs—two by a Miss Walters, one by a Mrs. Bletcher, and one by a Miss Worgan—all ladies, please note! It was only after much thought and consultation that we awarded the prize to

MISS WORGAN,
35 Emperor's Gate,
Kensington,

to whom I have forwarded three guineas.

The photograph under the heading of "My Sunday Best," to which I have awarded the other three-guinea prize, is by

MRS. STEVENS,
Longwood,
Ashtead, Surrey.

Another lady! The men are evidently altogether out of it!

A SERIES OF DETECTIVE STORIES.

The hardest stories to get, and the most valuable when you are lucky enough to have got hold of them, are really good detective stories. Both sexes, all classes, and readers of every age seem never to tire of them. Take, for instance, those two series which ran with such phenomenal success in THE ROYAL—the Baroness Orczy's "Old Man in the Corner," and Mr. McDonell Bodkin's "Quests of Paul Beck." The "Old Man in the Corner" ran for three years on and off!

Now comes the turn of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE with a detective series by Dr. Freeman, whose humorous work many of you have already enjoyed. I have been privileged to read some of these stories, and I don't hesitate to say that they are the most remarkable I have yet come across. Dr. Freeman has hit on an entirely new idea; he has made his stories *scientifically accurate*. The crux of each plot is the result of actual experiment, criminological, chemical, or microscopic. The author brings his scientific knowledge to bear on every point of his stories, with the result that you have here the real thing—not fiction, but fact, or rather fiction converted by the hand of a master into fact.

These extraordinary stories, I am told, start in the Christmas PEARSON'S. For any further particulars you must consult the November issue of that magazine, published on November 1st.

LOOK OUT FOR NEXT NUMBER.

Talking of Christmas numbers, reminds me that I hope to give you a very fine budget of stories and articles in my sixpenny number next month. For some time past I've been collecting Christmas fare, and many years of past experience having made me pretty familiar with your tastes, I think I can promise you that most of my tit-bits will be very palatable.

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